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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	61
The Gladstonian Majority	64
A Week of Disaster	65
The Successes in Ireland	66
French Nerves	66
The Aboriginal Free-trader	67
A Result of Mr. Gladstone's Blessing	68
Uganda	69
The New Labour Party	69
MISCELLANEOUS—	
The Agricultural Vote	70

Eton v. Harrow	71	About Wagner	80
Science and Song	71	Novels	81
Money Matters	72	Translations from the Classics	82
Henley	74	Colonial Chronology	83
The Society of British Artists	75	Neo-Hellenica	84
<i>Phèdre</i>	76	Tours in Scotland, 1677 and 1681	85
Racing	76	A Human Document	86
The Weather	77	Jane Austen's Novels	86
REVIEWS—		Rulers of India — Mountstuart Elphinstone	87
The Wrecker	77	French Literature	88
Books of Travel and Touring	78	New Books and Reprints	89
An Englishman in Paris	79	ADVERTISEMENTS	90-96

CHRONICLE.

Election Chronicle. THE results of pollings published at various times during yesterday week, and collected in the morning papers of the next day, were awaited with especial interest; for they included county divisions from all parts of the kingdom, as well as Scotch and Irish boroughs. The indication was still of a narrow majority. There were some annoying Unionist losses, the chief as to personnel being Mr. FINLAY in the Inverness burghs. Colonel BLUNDELL in his own division of Lancashire was beaten by a Labour—that is to say, a Socialist—candidate. Sir CHARLES HALL'S seat in Cambridgeshire, which had long been known to be doubtful, was lost. The Pembroke boroughs followed the other Dockyards (owing, no doubt, in part to Admiral MAYNE's death). A person of the name of HUSBAND ousted Mr. STORY MASKELYNE at Cricklade (*i.e.* Swindon), and Mr. LLEWELYN met with unexpected defeat in North Somerset. On the other hand, most of the English counties returned Unionists by sufficient, and often increased, majorities, and four gains in Wales and Ireland almost made up in sentimental, if not in material, value for the six losses elsewhere; while the Irish gains showed that, if a bolder policy had been pursued there, more might have been made still. Sir P. PRYCE JONES won the Montgomery boroughs from Mr. HANBURY TRACY. Mr. PLUNKETT'S victory in the Southern Division of County Dublin was gained irrespective of the Nationalist split, and was particularly gratifying, because it was won from Sir THOMAS ESMONDE, one of the very few Irish gentlemen who have descended to join the murderous and larcenous riffraff of Nationalism. Mr. KENNY, Q.C., slipped through the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite horses in St. Stephen's Green, and Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY, in Derry, was relegated by Mr. ROSS, Q.C., to the quiet enjoyment of that style of feast which, according to his late leader, he is specially suited to adorn. On Friday night Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had spoken with good heart and hope at Rugby, and Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, merry not quite on the right side of his mouth, at Chesterfield. Result on Saturday morning, with the halfway house of the whole election turned—Unionists (166+24), 190; Gladstonians (including Socialists, Parnellites, and Anti-Parnellites), 155.

The results partially made known on Saturday, and summed up on Monday morning, of more than fifty county elections, were less satisfactory, and showed a distinct Gladstonian gain, though on the whole by very small majorities. A Tory, Mr. DANE, had won another Irish seat gallantly in North Fermanagh, but this was the only Unionist win to set against seven Gladstonian gains; two of them—horrible to relate—due to the altered attitude of a Duke, the Duke of BEDFORD, in the polluted neighbourhoods of Woburn and Endsleigh. Mr. WALTER LONG's defeat at Devizes was also to be regretted, for it was due (as those who have watched the Western counties had seen beforehand) to the most unscrupulous lying. In East Worcestershire Mr. AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN had polled over 5,000 to the 2,500 of Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, whose name in (Home Rule) religion is "Son of the Poet and Leader of the Liberal Party at Cambridge." As in 1885, but even more so, the Gladstonian successes were obtained almost wholly in the most benighted parts of the kingdom. A very weighty and vigorous speech was made by Mr. BALFOUR in support of Lord CRANBORNE'S candidature at Darwen, while at Battersea, Mr. BURNS, M.P., who had been foolishly complimented by the *Times* on his success, taught that journal a very old lesson ("oignez vilain : il vous poindra"), by informing it that he would "try and wipe out the stain" of the compliment." The Parnellites were getting much the worst of it under priestly influence in the Irish counties. It was announced that a scrutiny had been demanded in Central Finsbury, otherwise Naoroji-Fatihabad, the City of the Victory of Him-Who-Is-Not-Black. Totals on Monday morning—Unionists (190+27), 217; Gladstonians, 189.

The pollings (now mostly made known in the afternoon, but still more conveniently summed up morning by morning) published on Tuesday were not very numerous, owing to the incidence of Sunday. The Gladstonian gains were two in number, the Barnstaple division of Devon (where it is probable that a Tory would have made a better fight than Mr. WHITE did in Mr. PIT LEWIS'S place against the Gladstonian carpet-bagger, Mr. BILLSON), and Forfarshire, where Mr. RIGBY, Q.C. (imported according to the curious new rule which leads Scotch Gladstonians to fetch English lawyers to represent them) ousted Mr. BARCLAY—again

a Liberal-Unionist loss. There were no Ministerial gains, but the Unionist majorities were very good. The successes of Sir FREDERICK MILNER in the Bassettlaw division, and of Sir JOHN DICKSON POYNDER at Chippenham, were especially gratifying, because the former's opponent, Mr. YOXALL—a sort of BRADLEY HEADSTONE, or BRADLEY HEADSTONE's pupil, turned to politics—was a very pestilent kind of candidate, and because Lord HENRY BRUCE's successor in Wiltshire had had to meet much of the unscrupulous tactics which have nowhere distinguished Gladstonianism more than in the West of England. Mr. GLADSTONE himself spoke in Midlothian, and his observation that "the great majority" of the people of Great Britain were friendly to the "Irish cause" was audacious even for him, inasmuch as the polls recorded when he spoke showed, with the Irish members deducted, a distinct majority against Home Rule. Meanwhile, Mr. BALFOUR had invaded the enemy's country, and was speaking vigorously for Colonel WAUCHOPE's gallant forlorn (and, as it turned out, not so forlorn) hope at West Calder. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt Harcourt at Eastbourne. Totals on Tuesday morning—Unionists (199 + 27), 226; Gladstonians, 203.

By Wednesday morning the majority of the Government in the last Parliament had, according to the system of counting gains and losses, disappeared, though a majority of Unionists still remained among the members actually elected. This had been brought about by six Gladstonian gains against the Unionist capture of North-West Lanark for the Tories by Mr. WHITELAW. That capture, no doubt, aggravated the ill-temper of the Scotch Gladstonians, which had already found vent in an absurd advertisement in the *Scottish Leader*, raving at the election of Lord WOLMER, and at Lord WOLMER personally, and sputtering with such words as "infamy," "gang of impostors," "foul-mouthed hypocrites," "absolute ninny," "snobs," "Sodom and Gomorrah," &c. This effusion is quite worthy of the party which has identified itself with the methods as with the objects of Irish Nationalism. Of the county seats lost, Doncaster, Chesterfield, Woodstock, and Egremont are most to be regretted; but they were all won by very narrow majorities, and their history shows that they may with proper care be recovered next time. The Home counties showed, for the most part, increased, and those of the West fairly maintained, Unionist majorities. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke on Tuesday at Watford, and Sir WILLIAM HARcourt (metaphorically speaking) requested the moon and stars to catch his hat at Lyminster. The Orange celebrations of the 12th of July went off with no disorder and a good deal of determination. Total on Wednesday morning—Unionists (214 + 31), 245; Gladstonians (of all shades), 227.

The afternoon of the same day was a great one for the announcing of polls; and, unfortunately, it made a very Black Wednesday for England. From all quarters came news of Unionist defeats, balanced only by a somewhat unexpected, but very grateful, win at Hexham—a win all the more grateful inasmuch as Mr. CLAYTON's success was over a very strong Gladstonian candidate, who had at the last two elections beaten such candidates as Lord MELGUND and Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY. Otherwise the tale was of lamentation, and mourning, and woe, and it was hardly possible to find more than cold comfort in the general good conduct of the Home counties (broken only at Maldon, where Mr. DODD, after knocking at several doors, at last got in), in the effort made by the Haddingtonshire Tories, under the Master of Polwarth, who pulled Mr. HALDANE's majority down to 296, or even in the disappearance of six-sevenths of Mr. GLADSTONE's own. For the great total of 4,631 by which Mr. GLADSTONE won in 1885 was reduced to little more than the odd hundreds. This extraordinary result, which is characteristic of the whole election, does the greatest

credit to Colonel WAUCHOPE, and has evidently mortified the Gladstonians intensely. But these things were, in a mournful sense, as Bailie JARVIE said in a cheerful one, "sma' sums, sma' sums" to set against such things as the defeat of Lord CRANBORNE at Darwen, of Colonel MALCOLM of Poltalloch, in Argyllshire, of Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT in Roxburghshire, and of Sir EDWARD BIRKEBECK in Norfolk. It is pleasant, however, to think that there is once more a DISRAELI in Parliament, Mr. CONINGSBY DISRAELI having beaten his opponent in Cheshire handsomely. A Parnellite, Mr. HAYDEN, had won an Anti-Parnellite seat in Roscommon. On Thursday morning the figures were:—Unionists (233 + 35), 268; Gladstonians (all shades), 266.

The first batch of Wednesday's pollings reported on Thursday afternoon brought the actually returned Gladstonians, first level with and then above the Ministerialists, the tie being reached when the five-hundred-and-forty-second member was returned. There were heavy pollings on Thursday itself, but only a few of the results have been published at the time we write, though at the time this is read more than six hundred members will have been elected. The remaining pollings are spread over some ten days in small batches, ending as usual with Orkney and Shetland. In the polls announced on Thursday afternoon, the most noteworthy were Gladstonian successes at Woodbridge and Skipton, the holding of his seat in Huntingdon by Mr. SMITH BARRY, perhaps the man best hated by the cattle-maimers, Irish and English. The Ayr boroughs, a remarkably see-sawing constituency, went back to the Gladstonians by seven only; and in all Separatism won five seats, three of them from the Liberals. On the other hand, the Home counties stood firm, except Essex; the New Forest, despite the personal blandishments and continued presence of Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, altogether declined his candidate; Somerset made some amends for very bad conduct by a large increase of Mr. STANLEY's majority at Bridgwater; Mr. WYNNE pulled down Sir B. SAMUELSON's majority gallantly in Oxfordshire; and in Ireland Mr. T. W. RUSSELL completely routed the Nationalist attack. Yesterday morning the numbers stood—Unionists (248 + 39), 287; Gladstonians, 293. The Separatists claimed a total majority of about seventy thousand voters; but in Great Britain were more than that number behind.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of this day week was comparatively featureless, the capture of some brigands in Bulgaria being the chief of it.—On Monday the insults to the British mission at Fez, and the reparation exacted by Sir EUAN SMITH, were confirmed; as also, though less definitely, the news of a bad crisis in Afghanistan. But the chief news was of the disasters noted below.—On Tuesday morning communications between Lord KNUTSFORD and the LORD MAYOR were published, on the subject of the St. John's fire, the damage from which, though brought down to more modest proportions, was officially estimated at some million and a quarter sterling, and may well invite the contributions of Englishmen. Eight thousand troops (*i.e.* militia) had been dispatched by the Governor of Pennsylvania to assist Citizen CARNEGIE against his workmen. In France M. CAVIGNAC, Minister of Marine, had resigned after a hostile interpellation on his conduct of the Dahomey business had been carried, and RAVACHOL was duly executed. Mount Etna had, as Mr. THACKERAY has it, been "erumping."—On Wednesday we learnt that more troops were called out to quell other "Labour" troubles in Idaho. In France the Colonial debates continued; there was a curious nationality case at Bordeaux, the point being to decide whether a British subject (bearing the honoured name of EXSHAW) was liable to

military service or not ; and Mme. REYMOND was acquitted for the killing of her rival, in what was once denominated "fragrant delight." Three Victoria Crosses have been given for the fight at Nilt in the Hunza Expedition. They were all well deserved; Captain AYLMER'S and Lieutenant SMITH'S were especially so. —Foreign news on Thursday morning was small ; but there was in the *Times* an interesting sketch of recent events in Equatoria and Uganda.—On yesterday morning authentic intelligence, which we discuss elsewhere, was at last published from Uganda itself. The American Trade-Unionists had been murdering freely in Idaho.

A Week of Disaster. This has been a week of disaster, not only in England. On Monday there was reported a tremendous fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, by which ten thousand persons were said to be made homeless and many millions' worth of property destroyed ; another, less, but severe, at Christiansand in Norway ; a smaller one at Altona ; a boiler explosion in a Lake Leman steamer, with many deaths ; a great powder-mill explosion, still more fatal, in California ; and, in a different order of things, a reverse to the French in Tonquin, with two officers killed. On Wednesday morning another was added to the singular list of calamities. The Bionnassay glacier of Mont Blanc had broken up, and, after first damming up the Arve, had let it loose upon Saint Gervais les Bains, destroying the hotel there and the greater part of two villages, with, it is feared, very great loss of life.

The Law Courts. On Wednesday the Coroner's inquest in the Lambeth girl-poisoning case was concluded with a verdict against NEILL, the evidence given by Detective-Sergeant MCINTYRE being as strange as anything in this strangest of affairs.—Mr. GAINSFORD BRUCE, Q.C., has been appointed to the vacant judgeship, which will necessitate a fresh election in Holborn.

The Bisley Meeting. The Bisley meeting has been proceeding during the week, with bad weather, and a little hampered by the elections. Cambridge beat Oxford easily for the Humphry Prize on Tuesday, and the Volunteers had the better of the Regulars. The latter were more fortunate in the United Service Challenge Cup next day, winning it very handsomely both from the Volunteers and the Marines. On Thursday the Ashburton Shield went to Charterhouse, and the Spencer Cup to Corporal BELL, of Uppingham.

Yachting and Boating. In a heavy wind at the Royal Western and Boating Scottish Regatta yesterday week the *Iverna* again defeated the *Meteor*, and the *Corsair* headed the forties ; but next day in the Royal Northern match the German EMPEROR'S boat was at last victorious, and the *Varuna* had her turn among the forties, the *Marjorie* winning a handicap race among yachts not now classed as racers. On Monday the German boat was again behind, and the forties had to follow the *Queen Mab* home. The latter was equally fortunate in very bad weather at Largs on Tuesday, when the first-class race did not fill, the *Iverna* having no antagonist, owing to the *Meteor* having sustained damage on Monday.—It was announced on Monday that Yale would not row Oxford. In the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, on Wednesday, Mynheer OOMS did not compete ; but the other Henley foreigner, M. McHENRY, did, and was easily out-sculled by Mr. CUMMINGS.

Racing. Very little of interest happened on the first day of the Newmarket Second July Meeting. Indeed this might be said of the entire Meeting, though some of the sales of stock were interesting, and the victory of Meddler in the Chesterfield Stakes on Thursday showed a very good two-year-old.

Cricket. Three innings were played in the Eton and Harrow match yesterday week, with comparatively even results ; Harrow making 214 and 116 to

Eton's 144. Eton, in its second innings on Saturday, was unable to get the runs required, and, indeed, would have made a poor figure save for the slashing play of the captain, Mr. FORBES, who took his bat out for 60 ; the rest of his side could barely make as much, and Harrow won by 64. On the same day Notts beat Sussex by 91 ; and some other matches were drawn, owing to rain.—The second Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval was as much interfered with by the weather as the first at Lord's ; and, as in that match, the Gentlemen had something the worst of the luck, and a good deal the worst of the play. Their bowling, which was not of the strongest, was completely mastered by their antagonists, of whom SHREWSBURY made to his own bat 151 ; while on the other side nobody but Mr. STODDART, Mr. READ, Mr. PALAIRET the Oxford captain, and the Cambridge batsman Mr. WELLS, could do anything with LOCKWOOD. In the second innings only the same quartet—Mr. SCOTT being substituted for Mr. READ—were effective, and the Gentlemen were beaten by ten wickets. On the same day Lancashire gave a still more hollow beating to Kent.

This day week. Admiral MAXSE showed how fields were won by Mr. BURNS at Battersea, and Sir LINTORN SIMMONS rejoined temperately and convincingly to Mr. GLADSTONE'S discourteous and disingenuous remarks.—On Monday Herr KARL BLIND communicated to the *Times* an interesting foreign view of Home Rule, and Mr. CHAMPION, with beautiful candour, informed Mr. GLADSTONE that, if Labour candidates were disagreeable to him, it was his own fault, as he had taught them that by being disagreeable they could get anything they wanted out of him.—The *Daily News*, which ought to know, says that "it takes an intellect of the first order duly to appreciate and comprehend Mr. GLADSTONE." In that case we may modestly claim the possession of such an intellect. For Mr. GLADSTONE has replied to Lord GREY in the Protection matter exactly as we predicted he would, by declaring that the twenty years began somewhere about 1842 or 1843. That is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE gave his hearers to understand that he had fought the good fight against H. D. M. S. *Protection* for twenty years till she was captured ; but what he meant was, that he had served on board her for more than a dozen, had quitted her with some other rats when she sprang a leak, and had valiantly poured broadsides into her when she was sinking.—There has been correspondence about the conduct of the Headmaster of Rugby in first seconding Mr. COBB, and then prohibiting the wearing of party colours in the school. Dr. PERCIVAL'S defenders do not seem to see that the second of these actions might have been quite right if it had not been accompanied by the first. What is sauce for the goslings is surely sauce for the gander.—On Thursday M. JULES LERMINA, the well-known secretary of that very respectable body the Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale, protested (unnecessarily, but naturally) against the supposition of any connexion between his Society and a certain ingenious confederacy now occupying the attention of the London police-courts.—Mr. HAMOND, the newly-elected senior member for Newcastle, did not cut a very good figure in declining to substantiate his assertion that his junior, Mr. MORLEY, had declared to resign if he did not win by a certain number of votes.

Miscellaneous. Mr. ALFRED MILNER'S appointment as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, in the place of Lord IDDESLEIGH, who had to resign through ill-health, has been generally approved, and Mr. HUTTON'S election as Chairman of the London County Council has been regarded without any interest.—The MAGNIAC sale has continued without any "fancy" single prices, but with very large daily totals.—A request for a public subscription to a

SHELLEY memorial at Horsham, on the occasion of the SHELLEY Centenary, was published yesterday, influentially signed by Lord TENNYSON and others.—The Duke of CONNAUGHT turned on the Vyrnwy water at Liverpool on Thursday.

Obituary. Lord WINMARLEIGH, who died at the age of ninety, was little more than a name to those politically born since the deluge of 1867. As Colonel WILSON PATTEN he was very well known to the last generation as an active and excellent Tory. With his sometime colleague in the representation of Lancashire, the late Lord DERBY, he did much to make Toryism popular with the lower classes in the county. —Mr. CYRUS FIELD was almost as well known in England as in America from his exertions in reference to the Atlantic telegraph. In his later years Mr. FIELD was responsible for that loathliest birth of time—the New York Elevated Railway.—Dr. JOHN THOMAS was a very prominent political Dissenter in Wales.

Books, &c. The chief book of the week is a new (third) edition of Messrs. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE'S *Variorum Reference Bible*, one of the handsomest and most convenient single-volume presentations of the Scriptures to be had. The only drawback to it hitherto has been removed in this edition, by the addition of the Apocrypha; and it can now be recommended *sans phrase* and without hesitation.

THE GLADSTONIAN MAJORITY.

IT may as well be said frankly that the result of the second week's polling has been a great disappointment to Unionists. There has, indeed, been still nothing like that sweep which some Gladstonians affected to expect, and which no Unionist who understood the real results of the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1885 could pronounce to be totally impossible. There can be no majority such as those of 1868, 1880, or 1885, and it is possible that, independently of the Nationalists, there will be no majority at all. But after the result of the borough voting, even including the mass of ignorance and greed in the poorer quarters of London, it was permissible to hope that the Gladstonian majority, if it even existed, would be very small indeed. That hope has now, we are afraid, vanished. It is true that, up to the time of writing, not more than 580 seats are accounted for, and that the result is a majority of no more than 6 actual and 40 estimated. But it is too evident that, though things are not as bad as in 1885, the *sancta simplicitas* of the English labourer has not been appealed to in vain; while in other ways the chances of an election quite unprecedented as regards narrowness of contest have gone too much to the Gladstonian side. In the general result there are various minor features of interest. Thus, for instance, the continued necessity in which Gladstonians have been put of going to England for "carpet-baggers," owing to the refusal of Scotchmen of distinction to have anything to do with Gladstonianism, is noteworthy. So is the impression made on the ranks of the Liberals proper by the furious personal rancour of the deserters who follow Mr. GLADSTONE, so the ill-success of fresh candidates of the same party as compared with Tories, so the extremely narrow majorities by which most Unionist seats have been lost, and the immense majorities to spare in many cases on that side, unbalanced by any on the other, except at Merthyr Tydfil, Swansea, and one or two other places. All these are features of the election; and all, it may be said, are characteristic of an election which is not final, where the battle has not been even for the time fought out, and where the elements and conditions of an actual settlement are not present.

These features are, however, less striking than the failure of the Gladstonian sweep combined with the demolition of the Ministerial majority; and though victors and vanquished alike are wont to find the discussion of the ins and outs of an election tedious, some uses of affliction may be picked out of the present contest. It must be obvious to any one who considers the returns, that without the London successes, and those in such English county constituencies as they have succeeded in capturing, the Gladstonians would be nowhere. Upon the English boroughs, large and small, they made, perhaps, the least impression made by any party attacking another party in possession for the last five-and-twenty years. The fact is that in these boroughs something like political education exists, and, unless there is individual neglect, a plain case such as that for the Union can be put with some tolerable hope of success. In the darker quarters of London and in the counties this is not so, and the secret of enlightening them does not seem yet to have been found. The Gladstonian appeal, when it is not to greed or sectarian spite, is nowadays to pure ignorance, and in the districts just referred to it had a wide scope. The Wiltshire labourer who voted for Mr. HOBHOUSE because he was told that if he voted for Mr. LONG he would have to pay three shillings for a gallon loaf; the London workmen and servants who thought that "Home Rule for Ireland" meant the keeping out of Irish labour, or (as it is avouched) that "Home Rule for London" meant that nobody would have any work to do any more:—those are the people to get at. It is noticeable that both in 1885 and to a less extent now, the chief Gladstonian triumphs have been in East Anglia and in South-Western England, where even partial friends must admit that the intellectually densest part of the population of these islands is to be found. Anybody who, not having the right key, has attempted to unlock the intelligence of a Cambridgeshire or a Wiltshire labourer, and get a new idea into it, may have some notion of the difficulty to be faced. It has been faced by Gladstonians in the ingenious form of "hard lying"—by appeals either to fear or greed. It must be faced by Unionists in other ways. But it has not been faced yet. We have got at the boroughs; we have not got at the counties.

Whatever may be the result, it may be hoped that in any case Lord SALISBURY will, as it is understood that he would prefer to do, adopt the older and better plan of waiting to be defeated on the Address, and not resigning beforehand. The circumstances which made Mr. DISRAELI introduce the modern practice in 1868 were peculiar, and were even, we think, in that case inadequate, nor is anything at all like them likely to reproduce itself on this occasion. Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority in the United Kingdom is still to win, and in any case his force must be such a thing of shreds and patches as has rarely been seen. Contingents from two Irish parties, which have been endeavouring to exterminate each other at the polls, and which would gladly exterminate each other on the pavement; a Labour party which only agrees with itself in avowedly fighting for its own hand and its own pocket, and which is at daggers drawn with every other party and with Mr. GLADSTONE himself, must be regimented and kept faithful if he is to have a majority at all. As for his own personal followers, their composition is not much more encouraging. The majority, no doubt, are "items" who will vote for or against anything just as they are told. But it is said that there are a few men of honesty and brains among them who must be counted with; and it is more than suspected—it may be said to be known—that among the men of brains, if not among the men of honesty, there is to be found exceedingly little affection for Home Rule as such, and a very strong desire to use Mr. GLADSTONE—dead

or alive—as an instrument to bring about quite other things—the destruction of the House of Lords, the disestablishment of the Church, some kind of hocuspocus with the land, &c. Now, though the old Liberal party was drained of almost all its honesty and ability combined at the Unionist secession, it is certain that there are some persons who rank as Gladstonians yet who are anything but prepared for some, if they are prepared for any, of these things, and who, moreover, are not prepared to take any scheme, even of Home Rule, that Mr. GLADSTONE likes. Nothing but a Home Rule amendment to the Address will oblige the instant introduction of a Home Rule Bill, and that is what should be aimed at. If Mr. GLADSTONE is going to bring home the garrison of Egypt to coerce Ulster, and to reduce the army in India to strengthen the Nationalists in expropriating the landlords of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, it is, at any rate, desirable that he should have to do it as soon as possible. Let us only hope that the situation may, as we hinted last week that it might, put some backbone into the leaders of what we may soon have to call the Opposition. They have had hitherto to wage a "dull defensive war," and they have waged it fairly, if not extraordinarily well. They have now a much more interesting game to play, a much better opportunity for showing mettle. The extreme narrowness of the recent majorities on the Gladstonian side dictates opposition without mercy to every Minister who puts in for re-election, and to every Government measure that can by any possibility be opposed with a chance of success. There is nothing due to the present Opposition, which has been utterly unscrupulous; and if there were anything due, it would be cancelled by duty to the country. At no previous time has a party come into office pledged to a measure certainly hurtful to the country as such. There is probably not a man in it of intelligence superior to that of Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON or that of Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY who does not know that Home Rule is an experiment fraught with certain danger and possible ruin. He may think it worth running for the sake of office, or for the sake of attaining ulterior objects of his own, but certainly not for itself. Against a party so constituted, every attack that is not dishonourable is lawful, and, fortunately, its constitution makes attack easy. If a Gladstonian Government ever gets afloat, it will start with doting egotism in the captain's cabin, double-dealing and office-seeking on the quarter-deck, greed and ignorance in the forecastle. Every mother's son among Unionists deserves a flogging if he does not do his utmost to sink, burn, and destroy such a craft as this.

A WEEK OF DISASTER.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. This week they have come in battalions. As to the elections, one piece of comfort may be extracted from the remark of Master BILLY SMITH, the hero of a child's book of 1764. A ploughboy of reflective character had observed to BILLY that it was difficult for a poor man to be happy. The sage answered that we can always be happy if we delight in the good fortune of others. Perhaps it is a little difficult for the most detached mind to glow in the reflected warmth of Mr. GLADSTONE and his motley majority. On the other hand, even ROCHEFOUCAULD could not have taken pleasure in the striking misfortunes which have afflicted strangers so diversely, in Newfoundland and in Switzerland. These disasters were purely unpolitical; they were the unavoidable result of the natural working of forces which man can never tame. Fire and water have done their worst; and, in face of

their effects, no consolation at all can be found, except in the incidental spectacle of human fortitude. The fire at St. John's, like the calamity of Mauritius, was part of nature's casual spite. Vast numbers of people are houseless, cold, and hungry; so much mischief, so much ruin, a little spark has done. As in the greater—or, at least, larger—accidents of the great London fire, and of that in Chicago, we can only say that a percentage of such accidents must occur in towns built of wood. Probably the almost unwearied benevolence of England, though so frequently and severely tried, will in some degree mitigate the misfortune. It is apt to be most stirred by what is distant and striking in magnitude. The accident on board the Geneva steamboat, hideous and cruel in its effects, was due to human negligence. Modern mechanical science has roused genii which it cannot always command, as well as social spectres which it cannot lay. The calamity near Mont Blanc is one which never could have been averted. Since the Glacial age, at latest, the forces which caused it have been slowly and inevitably maturing. The constitution of the Bionnassay glacier has, in its due time, obeyed the laws of gravitation as necessarily as the smaller runs into the larger drop of rain on a window pane. Just in the same fashion the glacier gradually yielded and rushed into the nearest torrent, carrying away a village with its sleeping people. The village formed a dam, the dam when its moment came burst, wind, water, rocks, broken houses were swept down a gorge, and struck and carried away a large hotel, full of people who had nothing less than death in their dreams. Since the ruin of the Tay bridge we have heard of nothing so terribly sudden and overwhelming. Then the Arve carried everything down, strewing its banks with mangled corpses, battered in some cases beyond possibility of identification. Here the only comfort to be found is in the energy of all who strove to rescue their fellow-creatures, and in the presence of mind of one or two who, suddenly awakened by a prodigy of nature's malevolence, had the courage to discover and the promptitude to use means of escape. We hear of "two o'clock in the morning courage"; here it was shown by the resident physician, who roused his sleeping neighbours and led them through a window to a place of safety, and by the hair-dressers in the hotel, unexpected engineers, who improvised a bridge, and rescued a score of lives. Greater energy and pluck were probably not exhibited by Lieutenant MANNERS SMITH and his two comrades who have just received the Victoria Cross. They knew what they had to do, and gallant as was their conduct, they did it with full consciousness and preparation, in face of a known set of dangers, and with the eyes of the world upon them. But the doctor and the hairdressers were suddenly wakened by a noise, and in a confusion of darkness and dread which might well have blinded foresight, paralysed energy, and stifled the desire to save others when their own fate was all uncertain. There is nothing more inspiriting and consolatory than to see men unmastered by the most hideous and unexpected dangers—men, too, whose professions made no appeal to their fortitude. In the midst of so much that is depressing this lesson and example remain as a proof that, in some degree, man is really master of himself and of his fate; that spirit and intelligence will have their stroke even in such a blind night-battle with the laws and forces of the universe. Even by these human consciousness is not wholly overthrown; and, indeed, we can see no other comfort and no other moral in such a disaster.

THE SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

LOD SALISBURY'S letters of congratulation to Mr. PLUNKETT and Mr. KENNY on their victories in Ireland have given expression to the universal feeling among Unionists. Both of the two new members have deserved well of their party and of the State, and their successes, as the PRIME MINISTER well says, will "greatly encourage and strengthen" a minority hitherto almost unrepresented, "the loyal Irishmen who are not of Ulster," in the struggle that lies before us. Mr. PLUNKETT's victory is numerically the more imposing of the two, and to have proved that Irish Unionists can anywhere—even in a county division—administer so tremendous a beating to both Separatist factions, that they would have been defeated by a large majority even if they had joined forces, is of course an inspiring fact. But the capture of a seat in Dublin City itself will naturally produce the greater moral effect of the two, especially when all the incidental circumstances of the success contribute, as in this case, to the enhancement of its significance. It is not worth while to dispute about the "responsibilities" for the defeat of the Parnellite candidate for the St. Stephen's Green Division; and Archbishop WALSH's denial of the charge of having started the Anti-Parnellite candidate who came in such a very bad third on the poll must of course be accepted. But the indignation of the right reverend prelate is not very intelligible. It implies, if it means anything, that an Irish Archbishop regards it as a reproach to him to have contributed to the defeat of a Parnellite by a Unionist; and, if Dr. WALSH regards this as a reproach, all we can say is that a vast deal of very vigorous clerical denunciation now flying about Ireland is absolutely meaningless. The Archbishop, if he really thinks a Unionist worse than a Parnellite, should issue a circular to his clergy without a moment's delay, for that is certainly not the impression which their addresses are likely to produce upon their flocks. It is not unnatural, however, that he should write in some little disorder on this matter, considering that Parnellites and Unionists now divide the entire representation of the capital between them.

Dublin, however, is not the only, though it is the most conspicuous, scene of Unionist revival in Ireland. Mr. JUSTIN McCARTHY has been dislodged from his seat at Londonderry; the "case of Ulster" has been strengthened by the capture of North Fermanagh, and the loyalism of its chief city has been purged from the single stain which rested upon it by the expulsion of Mr. SEXTON from West Belfast. The county of Antrim and the city of Belfast together now return an unbroken phalanx of eight Unionists; and a good deal of idle talk about the importance of the so-called Nationalist minority in this part of Ireland ought to be thereby silenced. Even in those Ulster constituencies in which Nationalism exists and obtains representation, its position is being challenged. There is a cheering increase on the strength of the Unionist polls in East Tyrone, South Down, and Newry; and the hold of the party over South Derry is more firmly established than ever. On the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the election in Ireland. The four seats which were all that we counted upon wresting from the Separatists have already been exceeded by one; and the demonstration that in the two great centres of Irish intelligence and Irish enterprise—in Dublin and Belfast—the spirit of Unionism is gaining ground gives a political import to our successes, which to a party that could under no circumstances expect any great increase of its numerical strength is really of more value than mere numbers. The praise of "moral victories" is often absurd enough in the mouth of the political partisan. There is no sensible man but prefers a majority to a minority when it is to be had,

irrespective of the moral import attaching to either. But when it is a question of a minority of nineteen knocking a few votes off a majority of eighty-six, one may reasonably prefer three or four successes of the morally impressive order to twice as many of a less significant kind.

FRENCH NERVES]

AS it has been already said in France, we have the less scruple in giving our opinion that the vote which has just driven M. GODEFROY CAVAGNAC from the Ministry is a very bad sign. M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN may perhaps attribute the judgment to those disagreeable qualities of the "neighbours and "friends" who have sold firearms to the King of DAHOMEY, to be used against the French. But he will find that our opinion is shared by some countrymen of his, and if he turns it over in his mind he will perhaps see that there is something in it. The Chamber, in a fit of temper and irritation, has passed a vote which might have upset the Ministry, and has caused the retirement of the Minister of Marine. The provocation was given by what turns out to be a very exaggerated report of dissensions between the naval officers and the officers of the colonial troops in Dahomey. It was said that a naval officer had refused to co-operate with the troops ashore, and had given as his excuse an express order from M. CAVAGNAC forbidding him to land men. In spite of the clearest evidence that the reports had painted the incident very much larger than life, the Chamber voted a resolution in favour of unity of command in Dahomey; which amounted, in fact, to a vote of censure on M. CAVAGNAC, who has retired.

At the risk of offending M. POURQUERY DE BOISSERIN we are afraid that we must describe this partial crisis, and the difficulties in Dahomey which gave the excuse for it, as examples of those qualities (we avoid a perhaps more accurate word out of politeness) which have been the ruin of all the colonial enterprises of the French nation. The Chamber hears a very much swollen version of the truth about some friction between the navy and the troops. It immediately raises a cry for unity of command. The Minister explains to no purpose that there is very little truth in the rumour; but as he has the misfortune to be a little high and dry in manner, the Chamber votes for the unity without stopping to ask how it is to be exercised. The general principle laid down by the Chamber is an excellent one—namely, that there must be somebody with the power to direct military operations on the spot, and that the control ought to be left to him. This is very true, but the Chamber would have done better to go a step further. If there must be unity of command on the spot, it is an equally sound rule that a Minister directing a colonial enterprise should be judged by his policy as a whole, and not by individual incidents. If he is to be upset whenever one of the little checks which are inevitable in work of this kind occurs, there can neither be spirit nor consistency in colonial policy. In any case, he ought not to be turned out in a mere fit of temper generated by erroneous reports. The charge against M. GODEFROY CAVAGNAC is that he ordered the naval officers not to land men, and interfered with the details of the operations. It has not been shown that he did interfere, and it has been proved that he never gave the order in question, but only a general and very sensible direction to the naval officers not to land men on the pestilential coast of Dahomey unnecessarily. But the Chamber would listen to nothing, and M. CAVAGNAC has been compelled to retire. An incident of this kind—which is by no means the first of late years—explains in part why French colonial adventures

so uniformly end more or less in a fiasco. There can be no possibility of pursuing a policy to which any risk is attached when the Minister who directs it from home is liable to be turned out at a moment's notice by an excited Chamber, which not only does not understand the facts, but will not be taught. The indifference with which M. CAVIGNAC has been dropped by his colleagues is an instance of another French weakness which is particularly fatal to the pursuit of a definite colonial policy. A Minister who cannot hope for support from his colleagues will risk nothing, and, if the French will believe us, the adage "Nothing venture, "nothing have," applies with particular force to colonial affairs.

In the meantime the course of operations in Dahomey itself is giving another example of what we are really afraid we must call the incapacity of the French for colonial enterprises. Whoever has studied, however slightly, the history of their successive and almost uniformly barren ventures must have noted the curious pendulum swing of them. One day France is all agog for empire, and her officers are ranging in every direction, really with great spirit and ingenuity. Next morning it is all over, and her officers are sitting still looking at the trumpery results of yesterday's fuss indifferently, or are quarrelling with one another. Just at present they are in the state of indifference and squabbles. In Tonquin the "pirates" are masters of the open country and amass fortunes which they invest in China. They keep banking accounts like the King of the Mountain. In Dahomey the garrisons are looking idly on, while King BEHANZIN ravages the country and even burns their posts. The incident which gave rise to the late crisis is typical of the French in their depressed mood. After one of BEHANZIN'S raids, which had been repulsed, a Captain TERRILLON, in command of the troops on shore, signalled to Captain FOURNIER, of the *Sane*, a gunboat on the river which had aided in repulsing Dahomeyans by the fire of her gun, for a landing party of bluejackets. Captain FOURNIER replied that the look-out at his mast-head reported that the Dahomeyans were in retreat. He thought things very well as they were, and that it was a case for remembering the Minister's instructions as to unnecessary landings. We can assure the French, on the strength of an experience longer, more continuous, and incomparably more extensive than their own, that this is not the way to deal effectually with any King BEHANZIN. It may interest those persons in England who are in favour of putting the colonial garrisons under the Admiralty, in order to secure more unity of command, to remark that Captains FOURNIER and TERRILLON are both under the Minister of Marine, and yet that they contrived to fail in co-operating quite as effectually as if their Minister was not one and the same person.

While the rulers of the great nation are disturbed by their nerves, the law courts have been engaged in winding up the consequences of a similar commotion in one of its most insignificant members. Mme. REYMOND has been acquitted for her very deliberate and artfully prepared murder of Mme. LASSIMONNE. French trials, and particularly trials for crimes of this nature, are things which no Englishman can understand. It is better to approach them in the spirit of toleration inculcated by M. DE VOLTAIRE. There are peoples, so M. DE VOLTAIRE says, by whom it is thought moral and proper for an affectionate son to kill and eat his aged parents in order to save them from the inconveniences of old age. This is considered pious in that country, and, if it seems shocking to you, remember that morality is a matter of climate. Let us allow that French trials and French tenderness for *crimes passionnels* are matters of climate. Under the depressing sky of England

we should say that Mme. REYMOND had committed a particularly deliberate and cold-blooded murder. Her victim was entitled to no great amount of pity. Mme. LASSIMONNE was manifestly a woman of easy virtue, who wrote letters in a style copied from the worst kind of naturalist novel. She certainly abused her privilege as mistress of indulging in insolence to her lover's wife. This is undeniable; but we cannot agree with the French jury in thinking that it supplied a sufficient reason for acquitting Mme. REYMOND.

From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner had been perfectly well aware of her husband's relations to Mme. LASSIMONNE for some time, and had condoned one offence. She was looking out for evidence to secure a divorce, but was resolved to catch her husband *en flagrant délit*, in order to take advantage of the law which forbids marriage between respondent and co-respondent. On the morning of the murder she had read the account of the DEACON trial. It was probably under the inspiration of that encouraging example that she altered her plans. When in the course of the day she learnt that her husband had an assignation with Mme. LASSIMONNE and where, she put a dagger in her stays and a revolver in a handbag. Then she went to the rendezvous, tempted her husband out by an artful trick, locked the door behind him, and set herself to butcher her rival with a deliberation which was simply horrible. She slashed Mme. LASSIMONNE about with a knife as she lay dying from two or more revolver wounds. All this was proved over and over; but the jury acquitted Mme. REYMOND after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, and the mob in and out of the Court cheered her. When the murder was committed, the sympathy was for Mme. LASSIMONNE, and nobody was disturbed when poor Mme. REYMOND was anthropometrically measured in prison. The victim is dead and forgotten; now the maudlin sympathy is for the murderer. Affair of climate, no doubt. The trial was one of those things which an Englishman, if he is wise, makes no effort to understand, for he will never succeed. One tries to figure to oneself a Red Judge asking the prisoner at the bar whether she did not know that the promises of unfaithful husbands are rarely kept, or counsel for the Crown cracking his joke on the remarkable number of mothers-in-law present in court while he was stating the case for the prosecution. A mill-wheel goes round in one's head at the effort. Affair of climate, again, no doubt. Only, in spite of the ingenious and tolerant M. DE VOLTAIRE, we remain of opinion that a morality which inculcates the killing and eating of your aged parents is a degraded barbarism. What maudlin tenderness for *crimes passionnels* is we are not quite so sure, but it is certainly not the morality of a wholesomely civilized people.

THE ABORIGINAL FREE-TRADER.

TO whom do we owe Free-trade? Sir ROBERT PEEL gave the glory to Mr. COBDEN. Mr. GLADSTONE gives it unreservedly to Mr. GLADSTONE. Nobody else had anything to do with it. "It took twenty of the best years of my life to break down the system of Protection." So he spoke at Dalkeith on Tuesday week. The magnificent egotism with which Mr. GLADSTONE absorbs all previous workers and all the general conditions of the problem into himself is imposing and almost overwhelming. That idolatrous self-worship, which has become the ruling passion of his life, reaches, perhaps, its highest expression in the sentence we have quoted. This statement of the matter has not, however, met with universal acquiescence. Lord GREY has protested against it. The clear

and keen judgment with which from time to time Lord GREY, who, we believe, is nearly ten years Mr. GLADSTONE's senior, intervenes in the most difficult and critical controversies of the time is perhaps less valuable than the dignified image which his life presents of the statesmanship of old age, a statesmanship which reviews the world from a quiet retreat, undisturbed by a turbid egotism and a greedy ambition, surviving the period of life in which they were at least excusable. Lord GREY, in refutation of a monstrous claim, has pointed out, in a letter in the *Times*, that in February and May 1843, Mr. GLADSTONE replied to Free-trade motions of Lord GREY himself (then Lord HOWICK) and Mr. CHARLES VILLIERS, as an advocate of Protection, and that he habitually showed himself, under Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Administration of 1841, far less inclined to even timid advances in the direction of Free-trade than the Minister under whom he served.

Mr. GLADSTONE has unwisely answered this challenge. He says that he does not pretend that he became a Free-trader all at once. He began to be so in 1842, and was denounced by the Duke of RICHMOND in 1843 as showing symptoms of unsoundness. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE spoke ambiguously. He has never done anything else. He was so dissatisfied, he says, with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S tariff reform of 1842 that he tendered his resignation, and withdrew it on considerations, not of Protection, but of general policy. There is nothing improbable in this. Sir ROBERT PEEL, we dare say, had a drawerful of Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignations, as Lord PALMERSTON had twenty years later. It is curious, however, to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE, as he himself reminds us, wrote in 1845 a pamphlet in defence of that tariff of 1842 which he says was so unsatisfactory to him at the time. We have found an opportunity of glancing at the pamphlet—it is called "Remarks upon Recent Commercial Legislation"—and there is no trace in it of dissatisfaction with Sir ROBERT PEEL'S rate of progress. On the contrary, Mr. GLADSTONE emphatically declined to commit himself to Free-trade as a general principle. "I am," Mr. GLADSTONE then wrote, "a 'deliberate adherent of the policy described in contemptuous terms as a halting between two opinions.' The pamphlet was written in March 1845. Speaking just a month earlier of Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignation on the Maynooth question, Sir ROBERT PEEL said that it seemed to him "almost impossible" that such close agreement on financial questions should exist between two statesmen as had prevailed between him and Mr. GLADSTONE. Could Sir ROBERT PEEL have said this if there had been such acute differences on the tariff of 1842 as to prompt Mr. GLADSTONE'S resignation? Mr. GLADSTONE is subject to hallucinations of memory, and this is probably one of them, like his imaginary conversation with Sir ROBERT PEEL on Sir ROBERT'S own resignation, the impossibility of which we pointed out at the time of his narrating it. As to the twenty years, dating from 1842, which Mr. GLADSTONE spent in overthrowing Protection, it is difficult to find room for them. Mr. GLADSTONE was in office for ten only of these twenty years, 1842–1862. The Administrations of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord DERBY, and in part of Lord PALMERSTON, interpose. Mr. GLADSTONE can make up his twenty years only by picking them up here and there between 1842 and 1874. The truth is, he misconceives his relation to the movements of the time. He does not lead them, he simply exhibits them. Professor TYNDALL somewhere tells how, travelling by railway in France with Mr. CARLYLE, he called his attention to a water-bottle which they had placed on the shelf in front of them. The water, by its alternations of violent motion and stillness, acted as "an analyst of the vibrations of the train." Mr. CARLYLE, he adds, was well acquainted with "the effects of synchronism in periodic motion," and he was charmed with this illustration of them. Mr.

GLADSTONE'S political career is an example of synchronism in periodic motion. On the Free-trade question, and on all others, he has been the water-bottle—or, rather, the water in the bottle—reflecting with the utmost nicety the oscillation of the train of sentiment and opinion by which he is carried along, but not spontaneously moving.

A RESULT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S BLESSING.

IT was the *Scottish Leader*, if we remember rightly—a venture rendered necessary by the "desertion" to Unionism of the chief Scottish newspaper of any mark or likelihood—that Mr. GLADSTONE started on its journalistic career with the doubtful augury of his benediction. Whether it has thriven or not under the burden of that blessing we know not, neither care; but whether it be a success or a failure, its conductors might conduct it without committing gross outrages upon good manners. We are quite aware that it is no easy matter to fight the battle of Gladstonism with uniformly honourable weapons, and that in such an army as follows the member for Midlothian into the field it must be very difficult to escape evil communications and their scripturally attested results. There is no king, as HENRY V. remarks, "be his cause never so spotless, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers." The venerable statesman who, although he has ousted an uncrowned king, still professes to champion his cause, can hardly describe it as spotless; or not, at least, with the assent of the Special Commission; and there are, undoubtedly, some very "spotted soldiers" indeed among his following. So that no one would be too hard on a poor Scotch editor who should find his uniform not quite so clean at the end of the campaign as at the beginning. But he need not deliberately roll in the mud, which is what the person in charge of the newspaper blessed by Mr. GLADSTONE has just thought it pretty to do: even at the cost of having to apologize for it afterwards.

It seems difficult to suppose that this person's responsibility for the scurrilous and contemptibly silly abuse of Lord WOLMER, who has had the audacity to attack and capture a Gladstonian seat in West Edinburgh, can really appear to him to be diminished by the fact that he has printed it in his paper as an advertisement. Why, indeed, should he think so? Why should even a Scotchman think that to receive a certain number of bawbees for allowing another man to behave like a ruffian in the columns of your newspaper is any more excusable than using them for that purpose yourself? This precious advertiser in the *Scottish Leader*, for instance, attacks the "foul-mouthed hypocrites" who "prate about the PARRELL Freedom," and exclaims "Good Heavens! the conferring of the freedom of the City on (say) JACK the Ripper could not have carried with it more shame and reproach than the election of WOLMER." Now, either the editor of the print in which this comparative study of the shameful appears is himself of opinion that it would have been less disgraceful to make JACK the Ripper a burgess of Edinburgh than to elect Lord WOLMER one of its representatives, or he is not. If he is, his moral position is precisely identical with that of the advertiser—that is to say, that each is equally ready to do a dirty thing, and to endeavour to shift the responsibility of it upon the other; or, in other words, that they share in equal proportions the characteristic qualities of the cad and the coward. If, on the other hand, the Editor does not agree with the advertiser that Lord WOLMER is a less worthy recipient of honour at the hands of Edinburgh than JACK the Ripper, and if he recognizes the comparison for what it is, then it must follow that he sees no harm in printing blackguardism in his newspaper as long as it

is paid for at so much a line. It is not worth while to wade through the flood of Billingsgate which Mr. GLADSTONE'S *protégé* has published in the form of an advertisement. We have already selected its choicest passage, which we leave it to the Gladstonian fellow-citizens of Mr. GLADSTONE'S *protégé* to digest. He has a right to speak for himself, and perhaps from "PAT" "the Moonlighter" and "TIM the Cattle-maimer" it would not for him be so very long a descent to the unknown hero whom it is now too late to recommend to the notice of Baillie WOLCOT. But there may be some even of his party who do not share his preference in the matter.

UGANDA.

IT will cause no surprise, in this country at least, that Captain LUGARD's letter has put an entirely different face on the transactions which, at the beginning of this year, illustrated the humanizing and elevating influence of missionary propaganda on the African races. That one story is good till another is heard was the comment made by most Englishmen—and, we should imagine, even by some Frenchmen—on the wild stories circulated by the Roman Catholic Mission. The other story is to be found in part in Captain LUGARD's letter of the 11th February, from Kampala, and in another much shorter letter from Captain WILLIAMS, at Bukoba, dated the 7th March. They do not exhaust what is to be said, and it is probable that much will remain to be explained even when Captain LUGARD has despatched his further reports. He himself, though not as yet informed of the charges brought against him by the White Fathers, was obviously looking forward to accusations from them when he wrote. In view of "any statement which may be 'made by the French priests,'" as he words it in his letter, Captain LUGARD thought it well that he should come home so soon as a competent successor could be sent out to replace him. It may very well be the case that the whole truth will not be known till Captain LUGARD has the opportunity he obviously wishes for to state the Company's case in person.

In the meantime two things are made very plain by his letter. The first is, that a great deal of mischief has been done in Uganda by the report that the Company had decided to evacuate the country. We do not at this moment propose to discuss the policy either of the decision or of the publication of the decision. The fact that the report reached Uganda and produced precisely the effect which might be expected is, however, a very important part of the story. The second point is that the Roman Catholic priests, as Captain LUGARD describes them, differ materially from their portrait as drawn by themselves. They are by no means all made of pious compunction and unction—of sugar and spice, and all that's nice. Captain LUGARD asserts that the trouble began after the French Bishop had returned to Mengo with a batch of fresh priests from Europe. They had brought the news that the evacuation had been decided upon, and it was immediately after this that the attacks on the "Protestants" began. Captain LUGARD is manifestly persuaded that these attacks were directly encouraged by the Roman Catholic missionaries. His belief is on general grounds probable, apart altogether from the evidence he had before him. Any Roman Catholic priest of average candour who finds himself in circumstances which permit of common honesty will say that the Church is not only entitled to prevent the teaching of heretical doctrine, but is bound in conscience to do so wherever it can. In Uganda the missionaries may well have thought that there was opportunity to make sure of the interesting souls of MWANGA and his black subjects. It is, when estimating the conduct of the modern Roman Catholic priests, always prudent to remember

that they are too often drawn from the most ignorant class of their countries, and that they receive in the seminaries the most artificial education given in the world. When the Roman Catholic priest is also a Frenchman, it is doubly likely that he will be stirring in debatable territory, since his activity may not only serve the Church, but extend the so legitimate influence of France.

The actual result of those intrigues of which Captain LUGARD roundly accuses "Monseigneur the head of the "Catholic Mission" has not as yet been satisfactory to any of the contending parties. MWANGA is an exile, and the Roman Catholic mission is either with him or has taken shelter in the Company's forts. But, on the other hand, we learn that Uganda is still so true to monarchical and Legitimist principles that it regrets its King over the water, and that the Protestants, greatly outnumbered from the first, are in peril of withering away. Thus Captain LUGARD found himself in danger of being reduced to his own following, and left without provisions in the midst of a hostile country. The Mahometans threaten him on one hand, and on the other he is menaced by the "Fubabanji," who appear to be the Uganda heathen high Tory party opposed to all modern innovations. From the letter of Captain WILLIAMS it appears that matters had not got worse between February and March; but they were dangerous enough, and some anxiety will be felt till further news comes.

THE NEW LABOUR PARTY.

IT is not often that the foreign critic of English party politics distinguishes himself by the correctness of his appreciations, and some of his remarks on the results of the present election and their import have been remarkable for ineptitude. Nevertheless, he does occasionally hit the nail on the head, and some of the observations of the German Social Democratic newspapers are in particular very much to the point. These observers see clearly enough that Mr. GLADSTONE and his party have gone just sufficiently far in their coquettings with the Labour party to prepare trouble for themselves in the next Parliament without having gone far enough to derive therefrom any material accession of Parliamentary strength. They have not swept the boroughs as they hoped to do by means of the working-class vote; while, on the other hand, they have saddled themselves with a Labour party which in such a House of Commons as will probably issue from the elections may have many opportunities of embarrassing them. We are not referring only to the Labour members specifically so named, although the increase in their numbers, and the addition to them of such men as Mr. BURNS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE, are facts of some significance. These two last-named members will, no doubt, find their own level, which we venture to predict will, as regards one of them at any rate, prove distinctly lower than he is at present inclined to imagine. Mr. BURNS's return will not produce the momentous results that he probably anticipates for it; and as for the other high-strung democrat who proposes to treat the "Newcastle" "Programme" as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* in the legislative banquet which he announces his intention of preparing for us, he, too, has evidently something to learn of the relative proportions of men and things. These two gentlemen have got to discover some of the difficulties of their new situation, to find out that legislation and the Parliamentary game in general is a much slower game than they think. The entire Labour programme, it will soon be explained to them, is not going to be carried with a rush.

Nevertheless, if they exaggerate their personal powers, it is probable that they do not much overrate

their opportunities. There is no need to assume that the Labour members are men capable of working wonders by force of their own abilities in order to arrive at the conclusion that the Labour party in Parliament will be stronger than it has ever been. To that increase of strength there are many obvious contributories quite independent of the *personnel* and capacity of the specially accredited representatives of the workmen. It is, in fact, their unaccredited representatives that Mr. GLADSTONE will principally have to reckon with. He will have to manage and, if possible, to satisfy all that large contingent of his English supporters whose elections have notoriously been carried by the votes of the labourer, in town or country, and he will have to do this with a nominal majority of, say, forty or fifty, made up by counting in eighty so-called supporters who are themselves entirely independent of the Labour vote, and who do not care two straws whether Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians disappoint Mr. BURNS and Mr. HARDIE or not, so long as they—the aforesaid eighty—are not strong enough to force their own demand into the foremost place. On the other hand, there are probably at least double that number of English Gladstonians, and perhaps a good many more, who are perfectly indifferent, if not secretly opposed, to their leader's Irish policy, but are very deeply impressed by the consideration that the outlook is very uncertain, that the Parliament is likely to be a short one, and that, on the whole, they would prefer not to go back to their constituencies with the disappointing report that they had assisted their leader in the attempt to pass an impossible Irish Bill, but had done nothing for those English electors to whose votes they owed their return.

THE AGRICULTURAL VOTE.

AT this date it seems probable that Mr. Gladstone will be at the disposal of a small majority. We believe this is a more accurate way of describing the situation than the usual formula "Mr. Gladstone will have at his disposal a majority of so many." It is presumable that this majority will combine for the first and possibly the last time to turn out Lord Salisbury's Government, and when that is accomplished "the fun will begin in earnest." There is every indication at present that Mr. Gladstone is convinced he is being returned on the Home Rule "ticket." To the unprejudiced observer, there is every sign that Home Rule has only stiffened the Unionism of all the great centres of intelligent life, and that, excluding the Irish members, Mr. Gladstone has been brought in on the shoulders of the labour vote, of the agricultural vote, and behind these again the temperance cause in England and disestablishment in Scotland have made themselves felt in some of the majorities which have been cast both for and against Mr. Gladstone.

The vote we intend to look into for a little while, is that of the agricultural labourer in England, the hind and crofter in Scotland. It is by far the most solid of the supports which have been given to Mr. Gladstone, and it is also by far the least intelligent. We are fully aware that at the present time it is almost a religious duty "to swear the brains are in the heels," and that it is most unfashionable to insinuate aught against the intelligence of the rural masses. For the time being we intend to speak of such matters as they really are.

The Labour vote is divided into many sections. Where the miners are found, the eight hours has by no means been universally accepted, and no one can say that, taken as a class, the miners have shown themselves ignorant of the very conditions of their existence. Gladstonian candidates and their agents have in this campaign promised "all things to all men"; but if they have told the miners that on their election to power they will change the seams of coal into pure gold, we give the miner credit for disbelieving such an assertion. We cannot acquit the agricultural labourer of a gullibility in his own department, which does not speak well for his intelligence, nor for those who pander to his ignorance. It is notorious that in 1885 in many rural constituencies the candidate was expected to

return to his constituents leading the promised cow by the horns, and bringing in his hand the purchase money for the three acres. We have before us as we write one of the most successful agricultural leaflets of the Party of Promises. It has been largely used, and is written in clear, plain, simple English, the only "leaf" we could wish our leafleteers to take from this example. Long words and good arguments, these our masters do not like; and we commend the style, though not the matter, of this production to those who write this class of literature for the Unionist party. The "Liberal Leaflet" under notice bears the number "1558," and is entitled "The Accursed Workhouse or the Happy Home. To the Agricultural Labourers of England," and it is signed "W. Tuckwell, Stockton Rectory, 1891." "My friends," begins this reverend embodiment of truth, "I am about to address you again; for, as the Bible says, 'your salvation is nearer than when you first believed'" (we presume in 1885!) Having stated that, in spite of "mismanaging friends and malignant foes," their prospects are better than "when I began to preach to you six years ago," he draws what he calls two pictures of "John Hodge" and of "Jacques Bonhomme." Hodge is depicted ending his days in pauper uniform breaking stones; all his life, by this account, he has been heaping up money for the landowner, who stood idly by and confiscated the proceeds of his toil. We are then directed to the Frenchman, who is represented as living in a garden of Eden, consisting of "16 acres of land," with money in the bank and excellent food on the table. The picture is painted in glowing colours, and the reader is bidden to realize before all things "that the misery of John Hodge and the happiness of Jacques Bonhomme are due solely and entirely to the land systems of England and of France." No allusion is made to the difference in the respective soils and crops, nothing is told to "Hodge" of such facts as are found in every book on the French agricultural system. We believe a leaflet composed from Lady Verney's *Peasant Proprietors of Auvergne* might form a salutary course of reading, after the agricultural labourer has discovered how little "his faithful friend Tuckwell" is capable of fulfilling his promises. But the reverend gentleman does not conclude with these contrasted pictures, he goes on to draw a moral worthy of his profession and the age we live in. He says the French *bonhommes* did not gain all these advantages till "they rose against their tyrants, drove them into exile, or chopped off their perfumed heads." Why "perfumed," we wonder? Hodge must have debated what political crime was hidden beneath this dark word. "Now," continues this missionary, "we do not propose to guillotine the Dukes of Buccleuch, Sutherland, and the rest; but we do propose in the interest of the whole community to compel from them such a restitution of the land," &c. It is to be wished that the above-named Dukes could place Mr. Tuckwell on the lands they hold as they were before they reclaimed and improved them, and see what he and Hodge could make of the "allotments" of bog. For such liars there is no remedy in this political world but letting their lies sink in. If the impossible is promised, the fruit of disappointment begets the spirit of revenge, and the party which rides in on the strength of such unsound political economy, such baseless assertions, such unblushing falsehood, must, when discovered, have the heavier fall. These questions must be fought out, and the sooner the campaign is opened the better for the integrity and honesty of a very vast mass of the electorate. We do not fear to say that the Unionist party must in the end prevail if they face the facts brought out in these elections in the spirit of statesmen, and not of mere political and party wirepullers.

These classes can be educated, and are worth the pains, but the education must go forward, not only in the stress of the election campaign, but "in season and out of season," by leaflets, by human and kindly intercourse, by meetings held at the cottage fireside, in clubs, and in the market-place, and the task which just now seems somewhat hopeless will, when accomplished, bear a rich reward. The old stronghold of the Radicals was in the great manufacturing towns; to-day they stand like strong fortresses, untouched by the enemy's shell, triumphant in their Unionism. The causes which have operated in this way are not far to seek, and give a great encouragement to those who are looking anxiously ahead at the prospects of our Imperial Empire.

ETON v. HARROW.

NO TWITHSTANDING the fact that the science of cricket is now far more appreciated than formerly, there still remains a vast number of persons who derive keener enjoyment from watching a boys' match than from the most faultless play in Gentlemen v. Players. To such as these, always supposing that they were not in the position of hot partisans, and that their "withers were unwrung" by the defeat of either Eleven, the match between Eton and Harrow last week must have given unqualified delight. There was not a dull moment in the whole of it; surprises followed each other in quick succession, and the fortunes of the game swayed backwards and forwards. Neat catches and outrageous misses; smart fielding and balls "through his legs"; hard hitting and neat cutting; clever run-outs and hairbreadth escapes; overs when every ball beat the batsman, and overs when the same bowler was freely smacked to the boundary—these characteristics were the exclusive property of neither Eleven, and the honours and demerits of them were amply shared by both. The skies, too, were propitious; for, except that the wind the first day was a little too high, two better days for cricket could hardly be desired. The spectator might also be pleased that the boys were so considerate in the way of regulating their innings, for Harrow completed their first just before lunch, and their second almost exactly at the call of time. The score of 474 runs made on the Friday for the fall of thirty wickets, shows that the hitting must have been brisk, and no time unduly lost. Harrow won the toss and went to the wickets; but in the first two balls Barlow, their captain, and Ferris were dismissed by Forbes, the Eton captain and fast bowler. This was a disastrous beginning, with a strong likeness to that of Oxford in the Universities match. Like Oxford, however, they were not to be intimidated, and Bosworth-Smith and Clayton, Paine and Philcox made runs steadily. Still, with five wickets down for 82, it did not look as if a big score would be reached. As has often happened before, however, the Harrow tail had plenty of "wag" in it; and not only Woodward and Rome, but Torrens and Rudd, from whom little was expected, put on runs, the innings closing for 214. Porter was beautifully caught by Lane-Fox at short slip. A terrible list of 28 extras swelled the amount, and Forbes, notwithstanding his beginning, only took three wickets at the cost of 64 runs, and how many byes who shall say?

Eton began their innings after lunch, and, though Hoare's wicket soon fell, Bromley-Martin and Studd carried the score to 52 before they were separated. Pilkington and Lane-Fox did little; but, with Bromley-Martin well set and Forbes hitting hard, it looked as if the Harrow score would be collared. With the total, however, at 114, Bromley-Martin was smartly caught and bowled by Rome. He was missed by Barlow at cover-point when he had made 53; but altogether had played a fine innings of 68 runs. Then came the difference between the Harrow and Eton tail. Whereas the former put on 132 runs after the fall of the fifth wicket, the latter only achieved 28 runs, the last three wickets being bowled clean by Rudd, and the total reached being only 144, or 70 runs behind.

Harrow began their second innings soon after five o'clock, when, though the light did not appear bad, the wicket was undoubtedly worn. To this cause, in a great measure, must be attributed the ill-success of the batsmen, for, with the exception of Bosworth-Smith, none of them were able to play the Eton bowling, which, for the same reason, became much more difficult. Forbes again obtained three wickets, this time at a cost of 40 runs, but Lane-Fox took four wickets for 18 runs, and Cobbold two wickets for 12. Even with this excellent analysis Lane-Fox had bad luck, for ball after ball completely beat the batsmen, and almost grazed the stumps. Hoare was expensive, and only took one wicket for 29 runs. Here again the Harrow tail materially assisted, and the last two wickets put on 41 runs, bringing the total to 116 runs.

On Saturday morning, when Eton addressed themselves to the task of making 187 runs, no one gave them credit for being able to make them. Subsequent events, however, showed that they might have done so if they had not wantonly thrown wickets away. With the score at 5, Studd foolishly ran himself out, and this seemed to have a discouraging effect upon the players, who played Rome and Rudd in the timidiest manner. Six wickets were down for 26 runs, and it was not till Bircham joined

his captain that the bowling was played with spirit. Bircham batted in good style, and Forbes hit prodigiously to all parts of the ground. Unfortunately, he played as if he was playing against time, and as if the runs must be made in the shortest possible period, so that disasters naturally happened. Cobbold had been already run out, and now Bircham, the only man who was likely to keep up his wicket, fell a victim to a similar cause. These three run-outs probably lost Eton the match, as most likely the Cambridge Eleven lost theirs for the same reason in their first innings. The rest is soon told. Forbes could get no one to stay with him, and the innings closed for 122 runs, Forbes carrying out his bat for a hard hit 60. Harrow thus won by 64 runs. Viewed as an entertainment, as we have said, the game was a complete success, but as an exhibition of cricket by two of our great public schools it was disappointing. Forbes, Bromley-Martin, and Bosworth-Smith as batsmen may be heard of hereafter, but the others gave no great evidence of power. Rudd, Rome, and Lane-Fox may be useful as bowlers hereafter, and Robertson, the Eton wicket-keeper, was fair. The fielding of neither Eleven was up to the mark, and for this there is no excuse. With the exception of Winchester, who this year have an extremely strong Eleven, it does not appear that the older schools are holding their own at cricket, and this is borne out by the list of schools represented in the Universities match. Malvern are reputed the strongest of all; Clifton and Cheltenham are certainly nothing much; while Rugby and Marlborough we shall know more of when they play their match at Lord's in the next fortnight. We incline to think that sticking too long to one professional is not to the interest of a school's cricket, and that interchange of the services of these useful functionaries would be very desirable. We have so often contrasted Harrow captains in these columns with those of Eton, to the disadvantage of the latter, that it is fair to say that Forbes displayed a personality which we have not seen for some years on his side. He changed his bowlers and shifted his field with ability and cleverness; we wish we could have added that he set his Eleven an example in not missing catches, and that he had kept his head cool at a crisis of the match.

The Committee of the M.C.C. are to be congratulated on the facts that they have had the courage to acknowledge the failure of the plan adopted last year for the allotment of seats, and that they have fallen once more into the old paths. All worked smoothly, and we hope that there will be no such ill-considered innovations in the future. Now that that difficulty is disposed of, we hope that they will have leisure to turn their attention to the better provision for luncheon for their members. Time was, when carriages were more numerous, that a hospitable entertainer could entertain an unlimited number of friends at his carriage. The present system of lunching at tables under a tent, or on the asphalt tennis court, is undoubtedly more comfortable, but has this disadvantage, that the number of guests is limited to the size of the table, and that the party is, as a rule, made up beforehand. An increasing number of members are therefore now obliged to throw themselves upon the resources of the Pavilion, and here the preparations for their reception are but scanty. No one coming with the object of seeing cricket, as all members of the M.C.C. no doubt do, expects, or would order, a sumptuous lunch in the club, but he does object to be served by not too courteous barmaids with second-class food and drinks at first-class hotel prices.

SCIENCE AND SONG.

ON Tuesday afternoon M. Maurel delivered, upon the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, a discourse embodying some further results of his scientific researches on the Art of Singing. The lecture proved to be a continuation of that delivered in Milan a few weeks ago, and already summarized in these columns. The thread of his argument left off on the former occasion, it may be remembered, by the enunciation and development of the proposition that "Singing lies in the relations between the three properties of vocal sound—namely, pitch, power, and timbre." It is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of this exceedingly important dictum, itself a generalization from a vast number of scientific facts and practical observations, because the full text of the lecture has since

been published under the title of *Le Chant rénové par la Science*. The Lyceum address carries us a stage further in the direction of practically applying the foregoing axiom to the study of singing. We shall give a very condensed summary of M. Maurel's remarks on this occasion, and then offer some observations of our own upon the whole question.

He divided his matter into two parts, dealing with two distinct subjects. (1) The forms of vocal production; (2) The defects of existing systems of teaching from a scientific point of view. A word of explanation here. At first sight the sequence of thought is not very clear; but it must be remembered that we have as yet only portions of a complete argument, detached links in a chain of reasoning, the full significance of which remains obscure for lack of a conclusion. What M. Maurel has in view is, to establish on a logical basis his new method of treating the voice. To this end it becomes necessary to analyse and classify the sounds emitted by the voice—the products of the act of phonation. They fall into two broad categories, determined by the presence or absence of two cardinal attributes—modulation and meaning. Every series of sounds either presents such variations of pitch as use and nature have made agreeable to the ear, or it does not. In the former case the sounds are called "modulated," in the latter "un-modulated." Modulated sounds are commonly comprised under the term music. Similarly all sounds produced by the voice either present such variations of timbre as convey a definite meaning to the brain, or they do not; they are either significant or not significant. The former we call words. Now, putting these two distinct but co-ordinate categories together, we get four classes of vocal production:—

- (1) Both musical and significant = singing.
- (2) Musical, but not significant = song without words.
- (3) Significant, but not musical = spoken words.
- (4) Neither significant nor musical = grunts, groans, &c.

When, however, we come to the act of phonation itself all these distinctions disappear; for each of the four classes of vocal sound is produced physiologically in precisely the same manner. In considering them, therefore, from a practical point of view, since we cannot ascribe to each a distinct act of phonation, we must regard them in the light of the three properties of vocal sound—the pitch, the power, and the timbre. Each class of vocal production involves a different adjustment of those properties.

Having thus analysed the products of the voice, and indicated the rational basis on which each must be dealt with, M. Maurel passed on to consider the defects of existing systems. He began with that known as the *coup de glotte*, or sudden attack. It has long enjoyed a great name, and, though freely criticized by some authorities, still numbers many partisans. The essential point of this system is that the act of phonation shall begin by a sudden and complete closure of the glottis. The vocal cords are first abruptly brought to a maximum condition of extension and approximation, and then subsequently relaxed and separated to the degree required by the pitch of the note to be issued. The objections to the method are many and grave. It involves two movements instead of one. It is contrary to nature's plan, which is to bring the cords from a complete state of relaxation and separation gradually up to the required degree of extension and approximation. It results in a sort of explosion, which is out of keeping with the utterance of all softer emotions. In the case of words beginning with a consonant it involves a pause between the sounding of the consonant and of the vowel following, and it destroys the continuity of sound in the emission of a succession of words. Not less defective from a scientific point of view is the prevailing system of practising exercises, all on one vowel. The student becomes accustomed to combine that particular timbre, and that only, with different degrees of pitch and power; and when he is called upon, in the exercise of his profession before the public, to employ other combinations, he is at fault.

Such is M. Maurel's position, briefly and imperfectly outlined. To pronounce a conclusive judgment upon it in this stage would not be wise, even if it were possible. But, so far as he goes, we confess to being equally surprised and pleased with what he has given to the public. His views appear to us both new and sound. They are founded on scientific facts, which were indeed known before, but have never been so luminously handled. This especially applies to the doctrine of the relations between the three properties of vocal sound and their bearing upon singing. It is absolutely true that

each of these three properties depends upon the position and shape of the organs and cavities of the air passages, and that modifications in any one of the three necessarily involves modification in the others. Yet no one has ever before perceived the extreme importance of these facts in relation to the practice of singing. It is one of those flashes of inspiration, which seem so obvious that people wonder why they never thought of them before, but which are really the outcome of laborious study. The theoretical interest of this discovery—for that is what it amounts to—is unquestionable. Everyone knows singers who cannot sing loud without getting out of tune; others who cannot sing *piano* without the same defect; others, again, who have a difficulty with certain syllables on certain notes; yet others whose voices at a certain point of pitch and loudness lose all their agreeable resonance and become reedy, cloudy, or harsh; and, finally, a large body of singers, great and small, who have "holes" in their voices—that is, certain points in the register where power and timbre both fail. It is delightful to have all these and many other familiar phenomena scientifically explained, as M. Maurel's theory has for the first time explained them.

With regard to its practical importance, on which he naturally lays most stress, here, too, we think his confidence justified, although we approached the subject in a spirit of the most hardened scepticism. Previous attempts to apply the facts of science to the practice of the art have proved either barren or injurious. Even if science were in possession of much fuller knowledge than is the case, that knowledge could not be directly applied. Of what earthly use is it to know that in order to produce a certain note the singer must contract his crico-thyroid and lateral crico-arytenoid muscles, even if those names represent to his mind anything more than mere words? As well expect to master the spot-stroke by studying the muscles of the forearm, or to break the mile record by fixing the mind on the gluteus maximus. The will does not act directly on the crico-thyroid or any other muscle, but indirectly through an automatic mechanism, which translates a desired effect conceived in the brain into a nerve impulse. In order to put your laryngeal muscles in action you have first to conceive the desired effect, which can be done just as well by the ignorant as by the learned. And the entire process of voice production is simply a series of muscular movements, over which scientific knowledge gives no direct control whatever. To speak quite plainly the parade of anatomical and physiological terms with which it is now thought necessary to embellish every singing "method" is a piece of nineteenth-century humbug. What M. Maurel has done, however, is something quite different. He has not taken the anatomical and physiological facts and applied them direct; indeed, his utterances are almost entirely free from all technical terms. But he has taken the facts and drawn from them certain generalizations, which may well be applied in practice with advantage, if not by the pupil, at any rate by the teacher. The difference—*parvis compondere magna*—is similar to that between the bare facts of natural history and the generalizations which Darwin drew from them.

MONEY MATTERS.

AS was to have been expected, the dividends declared by the Joint-Stock banks for the first half of the year generally show a considerable falling off. That of the London and Westminster, in particular, is the lowest that has been declared since 1875, being at the rate of only 13 per cent. per annum, against 16 per cent. per annum twelve months ago. The London Joint-Stock and the Union also show a falling off, their dividends being 10 per cent. per annum in each case compared with 12½ per cent. twelve months ago. It will be seen that the three greatest purely metropolitan banks have especially suffered during the twelve months. The City Bank declares a dividend of 10 per cent. against 11 per cent. twelve months ago; but the Consolidated and the Imperial are able to maintain their rates. It is noteworthy that the discount Companies have been able to keep up their rates of dividend, and so likewise have the country banks, speaking generally. The causes of the great decrease in the profits of the metropolitan banks, and particularly of the greater ones, are notorious. The half-year has been marked from beginning to end by stagnation in every form of business, and more particularly by an utter paralysis

of speculation. Money has accumulated in London in extraordinary amounts, and as there was no speculation, less legitimate business and very much lower prices, the demand for loanable capital was smaller than for a very long time. Consequently the rates of interest and discount fell heavily. For a considerable time, indeed, the joint-stock banks were paying higher rates for the money they received on deposit than they were able to obtain when employing that money. For instance, even at the present time they are allowing 1 per cent. on deposits; but the discount rate in the open market ranges only from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and rarely can the banks get more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Furthermore, the banks find it difficult to lend for short periods at even $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; consequently there is a loss where the banks employ money deposited with them at interest in discounting bills or in lending to bill-brokers. Of course the banks employ in that way only a portion of the money deposited with them. As much as possible is lent upon the Stock Exchange or invested in securities. Unfortunately for the banks, however, the Stock Exchange demand has been exceptionally slight all through the half-year, and has been growing less and less, so that it has not been possible to lend all the funds available, and the rates received have been steadily declining. The main source of profit to the banks, therefore, has been either from lending at higher rates to trading customers or from investments. As the volume of trade has declined, and as prices have dropped, smaller and smaller amounts of money have been required for doing the same quantity of business. The money so withdrawn from trade has accumulated in all the banks, and the banks have thus been compelled to invest their deposits so as to earn dividends at all. Probably it is true, likewise, that some portion of the decline in the dividends is due to the larger reserves the banks now keep. In the long run the banks will find this a benefit, because they will be stronger in periods of anxiety, and so they will thus increase general confidence. But immediately, no doubt, the holding of much larger sums of money in reserve—that is, without earning anything—compels the banks to declare smaller dividends. The effect of the increase in the reserves is aggravated, of course, by the general stagnation in business. If the banks had been able to employ the available portion of their money at good rates, the consequences would hardly have been felt; but, when they were obliged to lend at such very low rates, every addition to their unemployed money told more and more heavily upon their profits. The discount houses have reduced more considerably than the banks the rates they allow upon deposits, and so left themselves a larger margin for profits, and the country banks do not vary their rates as considerably as the London banks do, not being exposed to the same keen competition. There is little probability that business will become very active for some time yet. The failure of the New Oriental Bank has renewed apprehension, the state of the Continent is disquieting, and the progress of the elections is adding to the general uneasiness. It is not probable, therefore, that the money market will become active until the beginning of autumn.

A couple of the largest joint-stock banks have been trying to support the money market by refusing to take bills from the bill-brokers at less than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The attempt, however, is not likely to be very successful, for business of all kinds is utterly stagnant, the elections having greatly increased the prevalent depression. Loanable capital is exceptionally abundant, and is likely to increase. No doubt there will be an improved demand in the autumn, as there always is; but it is very improbable that there will be much increase in activity for two or three months, as holiday-making will begin as soon as the elections are over.

The silver market is quite disorganized, and apparently another fall is inevitable. The United States House of Representatives has refused to consider the Free Coinage Bill passed by the Senate, and so has removed some of the apprehension that prevailed. But, on the other hand, the outlook for silver itself is becoming gloomier and gloomier.

All through the present year the stock markets have been depressed and inactive; but since the elections began the stagnation has been greater than ever. Brokers report that never in their recollection have they done so little, and there is little prospect of improvement for some time to come. It seems certain now that there will be a change of Government, the holidays are beginning, and trade is very quiet; while all spirit of enterprise is absent. In the United States,

too, business is as dull as here at home. True the rejection of the Free Coinage Bill by the House of Representatives on Wednesday somewhat encouraged speculators for the rise; but they are not likely to extend their engagements while the result of the Presidential Election is uncertain. The election is being fought mainly on the question of Free-trade or Protection, and the issues are so very grave that every one will naturally wait for the result before committing himself deeply. Then, again, there is evidently widespread apprehension respecting silver. Something must be done before long, but what that something will be nobody can say, nor whether a solution can be found that will prevent a crisis. Lastly, trade is bad. The one favourable circumstance is that the reports concerning the growing crops are decidedly good. The harvest will not be anything like the bumper harvest of last year, but it will be a good one; and two good harvests in succession ought to have a stimulating influence upon trade. The Continental Bourses are hardly more cheerful than the Stock Exchanges of this country and the United States. All hope of a settlement of the Portuguese debt is now abandoned; there are grave fears that Spain also will default, for the finances of the country are growing worse and worse; there is no improvement in Italy, and the reports from Russia continue very disquieting. Apparently the crops in several of the provinces will again be very bad; and if there is a second year of famine the consequences, political as well as economic, must be very serious. The spread of cholera, too, following upon the famine fever, is increasing the difficulties of the Government. Naturally, therefore, people are asking whether all the houses that brought out the last Russian loan in Paris will be able to hold their ground, and a question of the kind naturally checks business. The state of the Far East, too—more particularly China—is very bad; and if there is another heavy fall in silver it will be made worse. On the other hand, we may hope now that the crisis in Australasia is nearly at an end.

Although trade has suffered from the elections, yet the Home trade continues wonderfully good, as the railway traffic returns undoubtedly show. The railway dividends so far announced are very satisfactory. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company declares the same dividend as a year ago. So does the Metropolitan, while it gives a bonus of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the Surplus Lands stock. The London and Brighton Company declares a dividend at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., against $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. twelve months ago, but then it carries forward 10,000*l.* less. The Tilbury declares a dividend of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., against 2 per cent. twelve months ago. But the South-Eastern declares only $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., against $2\frac{1}{2}$ twelve months ago.

The Transvaal Loan has been a great success, having been tendered for more than twenty times over in this country alone.

Consols, owing to Sinking Fund purchases, have risen $\frac{1}{2}$ during the week, closing on Thursday afternoon at $96\frac{1}{2}$, but Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed at $97\frac{1}{4}$, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of $\frac{1}{4}$, and New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at $93\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market the greatest movement has been in South-Eastern stocks, the dividend being regarded as very disappointing. The Ordinary closed on Thursday afternoon at 115 , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and the A stock closed at $73\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $4\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western closed at $165\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and North-Western closed at $174\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market there was some depression early in the week, and recovery on Thursday. Milwaukee shares closed at $84\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Illinois closed at 104 , a rise of 1. In other stocks there has been little movement. Argentine railway stocks have again fallen heavily. Argentine Great Western closed on Thursday afternoon at $49-51$, a fall of 3 compared with the preceding Thursday. Central Argentine closed at $61-3$, also a fall of 3; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at $63-5$, a fall of 5; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at $118-20$, a fall of 5. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 65 , a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 57 , a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. In the foreign market, with the exception of Portuguese, which closed on Thursday at $23\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$, there is an almost unbroken fall. Egyptian Unified closed at $95\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; French Rentes closed at $97\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of

$\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish closed at $62\frac{2}{3}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; the Greek Monopoly Loan closed at $56\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Greek Rentes closed at 52 , a fall of 3 ; and the Greek Loan of 1884 closed at $69\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $4\frac{1}{4}$.

HENLEY.

SEE Henley and die—from the effects—was the verdict on the first day of the Royal Regatta. The morning put on a treacherous semblance of sunshine and fine weather, and then, when we had all issued forth in excellent temper and summer suits, turned again and drenched us. From about one o'clock steady rain fell till evening, sometimes with greater, and sometimes with less vigour, but always rain. The river, therefore, was comparatively little patronized during the afternoon, while the hotels were filled to overflowing, and might well have blossomed forth into placards of "Standing room only," like a popular theatre in the height of the season. The few who stood to their guns—or, rather, their boats—just served to intensify the misery of the outlook by adding a touch of pathos to the scene as they wandered to and fro, ridiculously wet, and, for the weather, ridiculously clothed. On the rare occasions when the great river picnic consents to be fine, it is a uniquely charming spectacle. When, as happens in three years out of every four, there are really soaking days to be faced, the Englishman may very well be excused for taking his pleasure sadly, if at all. Anything more ludicrous than the sight of house-boats hung with drabbed lengths of soaking Liberty silk, ladies in the thinnest of summer dresses striving to shelter themselves from rain under diaphanous lace parasols, and men in flannels partially draped in flapping macintosh capes, with the ends dragging in the water, striving to master a wayward canoe in imminent danger of collision with all sorts and conditions of craft, is almost impossible to conceive. The few bold ones, with no wraps at all, sitting in pools of water, and apparently quite content to be wet, seem less pitiable than these poor imperfectly-sheltered things. The racing, to turn to a less important item at Henley, was on the whole uneventful, though there were one or two surprises, especially in the Diamonds, in which both the foreign competitors were successful in their several heats, McHenry of Paris beating Farrell of the London Rowing Club, and Ooms of Amsterdam the holder, Vivian Nickalls. The latter result was a distinct surprise to most people, especially as the victory was easily won; but it must be remembered that Nickalls was very much out of condition and had been unable to get himself "fit" during training. Still we were ourselves rather astonished to see him toil in through the drizzling rain some lengths in the rear of his opponent. As was expected, Leander won their heat against First Trinity in the Grand and Thames theirs against London, while in the Ladies' Third Trinity beat Eton and Balliol Radley, the latter after a very plucky struggle and only by a quarter of a length. This was the only race on the first day which appeared to evoke much enthusiasm from the dripping spectators. In the Thames Plate, Balliol had already beaten London earlier in the day, and Jesus College, Cambridge, had little difficulty in doing the same with the Henley Rowing Club. In the first heat for the Wyfold Molesey beat Queen's, whom many people had thought the better boat. For the rest, Cumming won his heat in the Diamonds against Hudson; Thames theirs, in the Stewards', against Third Trinity. In the Thames, in which no less than four heats were rowed on the first day, Trinity, Dublin, beat Twickenham, and Molesey the Thames Rowing Club.

If the first day of Henley was cursed with rain, the second was not less cursed with wind, which steadily increased in violence all day, till by the end of the afternoon it rose to a stiff gale. Such a wind blowing right down the course amply accounted for some of the almost ludicrously slow times that were registered. A little rain fell in the middle of the day; but the afternoon was wholly given up to wind, and, though uncomfortable, was dry and even tolerably warm. The first race of the morning, the third heat of the Ladies', was won by Third Trinity, who defeated the holders, Balliol. In the first heat of the Visitors, which followed, Jesus unfortunately fouled a pile, and so left the race to Queen's. In the second heat of the Stewards' Thames, with Muttlebury at stroke, as was expected, beat London, and Molesey did the like in the Wyfold, while Trinity, Dublin,

in the same race beat Thames. In the first heat of the Goblets, which fell just after the luncheon interval, the two Oxford pairs met. Vivian Nickalls and W. A. L. Fletcher rowing as O.U.B.C., while Robeson and Guy Nickalls entered as Leander. The former had little difficulty in winning, while later in the afternoon Muttlebury and Clarke defeated with even less difficulty the two Thorns. This left V. Nickalls and Fletcher and Muttlebury and Clarke in for the final on Thursday. The second race was rowed just when the gale was at its height, and rollers of quite ambitious size were threatening to swamp everything and everybody, which no doubt accounted for the ease with which the Thames Pair won. Their weight would be of enormous assistance to them in such circumstances. In the fourth heat of the Diamonds, Boyd of Trinity College, Dublin, beat Cumming of the Thames Rowing Club, while in the fifth the Hollander Ooms paddled in unlimited lengths in front of McHenry of Paris, stopping at intervals to look round and survey the scene while his opponent toiled on behind. In the third heat of the Ladies', First Trinity beat Trinity, Dublin, while in the Stewards', rather to the surprise of most people, Royal Chester beat B.N.C. In the Thames fifth heat Jesus, Cambridge, beat Balliol, and in the sixth Molesey, the holders, after a magnificent struggle in the roughest of wind and water, were beaten by a quarter of a length, by Trinity College, Dublin. This was the only really exciting race of the day, and came as a *bonne bouche* at the very end of the day's racing. Considering the disgusting state of the weather and the discouraging prelude of Tuesday, a fair number of spectators were to be seen on the river during the day; but the enjoyment was of a questionable order for every one but the house-boat owners, who could sit comfortably out of the wind and forget that there are such things as regatas. Of beauty there was little or none; for high wind is the least becoming of nature's moods, and discouraged, we suppose, by Tuesday's experiences, pretty toilettes were few and far between. The music of the various strolling musicians was unutterably infamous and of the usual narrow range of theme and subject. Finally, we all went to bed determined to give Henley one more chance before we turned our backs upon her for ever. The final day of the Regatta went some way towards reconciling us to river picnics in this benighted climate, but hardly far enough. The weather, however, had at least the grace to improve pretty steadily during the day; and, though the wind was very nearly, if not quite, as strong as on Wednesday, the sun shone bravely all the afternoon to dry the bunting, and the mere spectacle was pretty enough. The violent gusts spoilt the racing a good deal, and even decent steering in the case of the coxwainless crews was difficult, if not impossible. At least there was exceedingly little of it to be seen, except in the Diamonds, when Ooms had so little difficulty in paddling away from Boyd that he was able to pause and look round every few strokes, and so keep his boat straight. The final for the Sculls, therefore, was the reverse of exciting, and so, for the first time in the annals of Henley, the Diamonds have gone out of the country. Many foreign competitors have entered for them in the past, but none successfully till Holland sent her champion. We congratulate all foreign countries severally and collectively, but hope it will not be taken as a precedent. After his victory over Vivian Nickalls on Tuesday the result had been almost universally foreseen; but whether, if Nickalls had been in good health, the issue would have been the same is doubtful. Certainly the victory would not have been so easily secured. Neither Ooms nor Nickalls is a pretty sculler. The latter takes after his brother in style; while the Dutchman appears to do all his work in the middle of the stroke with a jerk and with his arms. The Grand fell, as everybody anticipated, to Leander, but with an ease that few had looked for after the hard race the winners had had with First Trinity on Tuesday. They had, indeed, the advantage of the station in the final, which many people thought equal to at least a couple of lengths in the high wind; but even that would hardly suffice to account for the mere procession to which the final degenerated. Thus Leander held the Grand for the second year in succession; but we rather doubt the wisdom of picking the best men out of a series of college boats, and so rendering them more or less *hors de combat*, in order to produce an overwhelming Oxford crew for the Grand Challenge. With Cotton and Rowe from Magdalen, Kent

and Ford from Brasenose, Pitman from New College, and Fletcher from Christ Church, a good many College crews must have been put out of the running to furnish the winners. The final for the Wyfold was won by Molesey, on a foul from Trinity, Dublin. The strength of the wind made the steering very wild, and both crews were all over the course, though Dublin started the fatal game of collision earliest. The Ladies' Plate lay between First Trinity and Third, and fell to the former by three lengths. The Stewards' Challenge Cup was wrested from the holders, Thames, by Royal Chester, who last year, it will be remembered, carried off the Wyfold. The race was magnificent, and the victory (by a quarter of a length only) a narrow one. There were so few close finishes in this year's Regatta—the sixth heat for the Thames between Molesey and Trinity, Dublin, being the only other—that every one rather cheered up at this, and, as the sun began to shine bravely through the gusts of wind, voted the Regatta less of a bore than they had done three-quarters of an hour before, when Third Trinity toiled in three lengths behind First. In the final for the Thames Trinity, Dublin, had to meet Jesus, Cambridge, and were beaten by some four lengths, leaving Mitchelstown and all the other nameless outrages of the hated Saxon unavenged. Dublin were really rather unfortunate in being in the final heat of no less than three races and yet winning none, though perhaps their being left in so long was due more to chance than merit; for, though strong, both their four and their eight were very rough, and Boyd, their sculler, though he met Ooms in the final for the Diamonds, had only had to face Cumming of the Thames Club before, and was but an indifferent performer. In the Visitors' final, Queen's, Oxford, were very easily defeated by Third Trinity. Third had the advantage of the station, but still must have been a good deal the better boat to leave the others so far behind. The last event of the day was the Goblets, and was won by Vivian Nickalls and Fletcher (O.U.B.C.) from Muttlebury and Clarke (Thames) with great ease, although the latter had the best station. This is the third successive year that Oxford have won the Goblets—in the two previous years Guy Nickalls winning them with Lord Ampthill. This closed the Regatta as far as racing was concerned, and left nothing but fireworks and illuminations to conclude the day. Taken as a whole, Henley this year was a failure redeemed only from being conspicuous by the sunshine of the last day. The first day, in which we were all drenched, and the second, in which the wind was *not* tempered to the shorn lamb, were perhaps the most villainous, after their kind, of the many villainous days which the Royal Regatta has struggled to enjoy. The crowd on the final day, therefore, though of fair size, was certainly not great for the last day of Henley, and though the sight was pretty enough when eyes smarting from wind and sun cared to look at it, the enthusiasm was only moderate. The course was, therefore, comparatively easy to keep clear, and the only serious block occurred at the finish of the first race, the final for the Grand. Fortunately launches and police boats mustered in force and dealt with loiterers and incapables on the course alike in their usual masterly and masterful fashion. The honours of the racing were fairly divided between the Universities, Oxford winning the Grand and the Goblets, while Cambridge secured the Ladies', the Thames, and the Visitors'. The metropolis were sadly at a discount, neither London nor Thames winning anything. Holland, Royal Chester, and Molesey secured one event apiece. And so an end.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE special exhibition now on view in the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists is one of unusual interest; for it contains, besides the works of the customary members, contributions by several of those eminent artists whose connexion with the Society is an honorary one, and who have not hitherto taken the trouble to exhibit at Suffolk Street. When we say that the show contains nine works by Mr. Burne-Jones, three by Mr. Watts, eight by Sir Frederick Leighton, and four by Sir John Gilbert, we have already indicated that this is far from being a customary display of the Society of British Artists. It marks the seventieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society, and represents an unusual effort on the part of the

Committee to be honourably represented by works of the most distinguished of living artists.

In the North-West Gallery we find three of Mr. Watts's well-known portrait-heads. Two of them—the "Lord Salisbury" (2), a good portrait, but not a striking painting, and the "Robert Browning" (3), a good picture, but a bad portrait—do not display Mr. Watts at his best; but the "William Morris" (5) is an admirable example. Few of Mr. Burne-Jones's decorative panels are of a more enchanting order than "The Moon" (8), a graceful female figure, with brilliantly-lighted blue drapery floating in a vitreous ether of pale blue, her silvery-gold hair the only contrast to the prevailing monochrome. In the place of honour hang the studies for five of Sir Frederick Leighton's most famous pictures (12–16), the sketch, in more than one case, exceeding the finished work in beauty. In this room are good landscapes by Mr. Arnold Priestman (10) and Mr. Alfred Hartley (19).

In the Large Gallery Mr. Dudley Hardy covers an immense space with his "Sans Asile" (84); this is a canvas of heroic size, representing Trafalgar Square on a winter's morning in the dim light before dawn. A heap of outcasts—most of them asleep, some drowsily smoking, some gazing upwards in vacant distress—lie under one of Landseer's lions, which soars above their dreadful group. Here all is grim and terrific, yet without caricature, a sinister page truthfully copied out of the modern history of London. The painting is admirable technically, and places Mr. Dudley Hardy at a much higher level than he has hitherto attained. But other works of his are here, a Dutch "The Frugal Meal" (51), of a deep lovely tone, relieved only by the white cap of the woman—this is like a very good Israels—and "The Spaniard" (65), a study rich, and even sumptuous, in colour. The four examples of Sir John Gilbert are to be found in this gallery—the great "Return of the Victors" (29); "Onwards" (63), a vivid cavalier in armour on a plunging steed; the "Fair St. George" (69) of 1880; and "Ego et Rex Meus" (76), all of them well-known pictures, all possessing obvious faults due to insufficient study of nature, but all animated by eager and appropriate movement and flowing design, full, too, of swift and redundant fancy. Mr. F. H. A. Parker paints an ambitious subject, "Cupid and Psyche" (34); the mortal maiden stands beside the bed where the young deity is lying, and a drop is falling from the lamp in her heedless fingers; more vigour is required in the modelling of the flesh. Here we meet with Mr. Calderon's well-known picture called "Hagar" (50), and a very beautiful Burne-Jones, "The Painter's Daughter" (41). In the latter the young lady, with lustrous eyes in a pale, grave countenance, sits in a bright blue dress against a circular mirror, in which the back of her fair head is reflected. An interesting specimen of the St. Ives school, with its pale tints, is "Primitive Methodists" (57) at prayer in a Cornish chapel, by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb. There is great charm in the "Midday on the Banks of the Stour" (59), by Mr. A. Hartley, "the highest tide and flow of light" upon a drowsy river.

The South-East and South-West Galleries present us with fewer examples of a very notable character. The tall bright sky, laden with snow-white clouds, in Mr. Olsson's "Sea Breezes" (102), is exquisitely fresh. Mr. Arnold Priestman is successful in dealing with a difficult effect in "Morning Mists" (137). One of Mr. Tinworth's elaborate terracotta friezes in high relief, "The Meeting of Jacob and Joseph" (105), hangs among the pictures. But much more that is of striking interest will be found in the Water-Colour Room, where the place of honour is given to a curious early painting by Mr. Burne Jones, in the style of the North Italians of the late fifteenth century—"The Madness of Tristan" (162). The sick knight sits in the hollow of a dark wood; and strange pitying maidens, holding eager hounds in leash, come to gaze at him with inexpressive countenances. On either side of this archaic work hang two charming oil-studies of the interior of "St. Mark's, Venice" (161, 163), by Sir Frederick Leighton, sketched evidently on the spot, with great freedom and delicacy. Along the walls of this room will be found a number of pastels and silver-points by Mr. Burne-Jones, one of the latter, "A Head" (178), dated as early as 1870. There is a great deal of ingenuity and some charm in the "Summer Rain" (186) of Mr. Schäfer, a draped female figure, poised in the sunlit air, and dripping all over with streams of moisture. Mr. John Fullwood's

"Autumn Glow" (208) is a fine landscape which we have seen before, but are glad to see again. On the whole, the interest of the present exhibition rests in the examples of certain eminent painters which are already more or less familiar to us, and in the evidence of the varied and surprising talent of Mr. Dudley Hardy, who has hitherto been little prominent. We have mentioned some of his contributions, but must not omit to draw attention to "La Cigarette" (202), a girl in a wine-red dress lying on a sofa, smoking. The pose and style a little suggest Van Beers, but the colour is very fine, and the brushwork of this, as of other examples, is little short of masterly.

PHÈDRE.

WITH Phèdre Mme. Bernhardt returned to the field in which she has no rival, and hardly the memory of a rival to fear. Her interpretation of the part is now so well known that it is superfluous to praise it. All the criticism which can be written upon it has been written. We know that Mme. Bernhardt's beautiful voice, and her command of varying but always inimitably graceful pose, find in this tragedy exactly the matter on which they can be displayed to perfection. We know that the passion to be interpreted, while it allows of as much delicacy of acting as the most ambitious artist can desire, is simple, glowing, and burns with the same vehemence throughout. Whatever her flatterers and M. Sardou may tell her, Mme. Bernhardt is better placed in this rôle than in the parts constructed expressly to enable her to display all the caprices of *son altesse la femme*. Her voice and her delivery are always more or less wasted when they are not employed on the verse of Racine or of Victor Hugo. But, as we have already said, Mme. Bernhardt's Phèdre is now in no need of description, and may defy criticism. Those who saw Mme. Bernhardt on Thursday night may be sure that, whether she was better or not than on former occasions, they, for their part, saw something which they will see nowhere else. Voice, intonation, delivery, gesture, all worked together to interpret a passion beside which the fretting and fuming of the modern melodramas written to display her powers are trumpery—a mere tale told by an idiot. It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the support given to Mme. Bernhardt. Mme. Grandet made a competent Génie, and Mme. Jane Mea a comely Aricie. M. Darmont's Hippolyte is picturesque, but it would gain if he could remember that a man ought to speak with his throat, but not mainly in it.

The performance of *Froufrou* this week at the English Opera has not, it may be confidently said, modified the opinion of those who hold that there was but one Desclée, and that she alone could play Gilberte. It is a natural instinct of mankind to rebel against the old-experienced playgoer, a person puffed up by carnal learning. But in this case the verdict he delivered when the play was revived at the Porte Saint-Martin in 1883 must be accepted even by the youngest of us—provided always that this same youngest asks from an artist what it is critical and reasonable to ask—namely, an acceptable interpretation of a given character, and not a mere display of skill. It is, we take it, as nearly as may be physically impossible for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to act any part in a fashion which is platonically bad. There will always be intelligence, force, and passion in whatever she does, even when she is tired, or, what is yet more fatal, perverse. All three were visible enough in her rendering of Froufrou, but not so as to make that very individual, rather fantastic, and decidedly artificial little personage credible. Mme. Bernhardt is too mature in character, too manifestly resolute. When Froufrou cries in the great scene with her husband, "Qui donc m'a jetée au milieu de ces choses si terriblement sérieuses, et qui m'épouvantent!" we ought to feel that she is really terrified. When she makes her helpless little lament, "Une heure de colère et voilà où j'en suis arrivée," we ought to feel that she is really capable of throwing herself away in a fit of the nerves. But the Froufrou of Mme. Bernhardt is not the woman to be panic-stricken, even by the most terribly serious of things; nor yet to succumb to her nerves. It was impossible not to be moved by her acting in the scene with Louise; but equally impossible, on thinking it over, not to feel that this was not Froufrou, but a very vehement and passionate woman, with strength enough to dominate all around her, who would act on a definite motive,

which might well be wicked, but would never be weak. Now, if Froufrou is not weak she ceases to be pathetic and becomes odious, or even contemptible. With the proviso that the word is not to be understood to imply clumsiness, we should say that Mme. Bernhardt's touch is too heavy for the part. There is a heaviness of strength as well as of awkwardness. It is unnecessary to speak of the other members of the company. They could not be adequate without being all of them capable of giving more than a reasonable playgoer would expect to receive in the circumstances.

RACING.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL had a heavy catalogue for sale at Newmarket on Monday, and, in the present state of stagnation in the blood-stock market, it was not likely that all could be sold; but as times go the trade was a fair one. Mr. Robertson Gladstone's entire stud of mares and foals, horses in training and yearlings, was brought under the hammer in consequence of the owner's ill-health, and all were sold without the slightest reserve. The speedy Porridge was a bargain to Morbeay at 870 guineas, but the rest of the horses in training made about their value, though the same could hardly be said of the brood mares; the charming Dowry, for instance, in foal to Galliard, should have made three times the amount that she was knocked down to Mr. E. J. Thornevill. This gentleman was indeed a considerable purchaser at the sale, and though his predilections have hitherto been for races "between the flags," we hope in future to see his colours in the van under Newmarket rules. Some of the breeders of yearlings for public sale must have been keenly disappointed, for buyers would hardly look at anything except the very best ones, and these they were chary of bidding for. Lord Rosslyn's first experience as a public breeder was not a happy one, as some lots were returned unsold, and the supposed cracks only made prices which were much below their owner's valuation. On Wednesday morning a St. Simon colt bred by Mr. Lawrence made 3,100 guineas, and this was capped by a purchase by Mr. Marcus Daly of a Hampton colt from Mr. Brodrick Cloete's stud at 4,100 guineas. This colt, we believe, is destined to go to America. It was known at Newmarket on Monday that Orme had won his trial, which perhaps was not the best of news for the residents, whose money was on Orvieto and Gouverneur for the Eclipse Stakes—a race that will be over before these lines are in print. This day's racing was not particularly exciting, nor was the attendance large, the elections having had a prejudicial effect. Be this as it may, it certainly was not a particularly cheerful meeting. It opened with a dull morning. Overnight there had been talk about the beauties of the Limekilns and the advantages of early rising; but the morning was uninviting and dull. As the time for racing approached, it was a case of putting on thick boots and mackintoshes; indeed, a more cheerless afternoon it would be hard to imagine. One pitied the jockeys as they cantered to the post in the teeth of a cold driving rain; but, uncomfortable as things were, the results must be recorded. Lord Gerard's Metallic easily won the High-Weight Plate from Springtime, who ran in a gorgeous green-and-gold hood, and is now, we fear, very untrustworthy. The July Handicap would have been very creditable to the "three independent handicappers," the average of whose work was struck, if it had not been that Whisperer won with a 7 lbs. penalty. However, it was a great race, as he only won, all out, by a neck, with Celus second, a head only in front of Florrie, third. Queen of Navarre had a very easy task in the Two-year-old Sale Stakes, and Sherwood's stable had a turn at last when Mockery won a Selling Plate. *A propos* of Sherwood's stable, it was known that Colonel North's horses, with others, would leave that trainer's establishment for Morton's supervision. Sherwood has done well for his employers, but has possibly had a hard task to fulfil. It was reported that he did not particularly relish having to saddle Old Boots in the first race on Wednesday, having given that impetuous animal a good mile and a half gallop in the morning; but Old Boots ran, and was very much in the rear at the finish. The Beaufort Stakes was a very remarkable race, inasmuch as it was another effort of "three independent handicappers," the average of whose efforts was taken, and we write *remarkable*, as it was not won by a penalized animal. Grammont was favourite, but

ran—as, indeed, Lord Zetland's horses are doing now—in disappointing fashion, and Mavourneen won after a good race with the top weight, Lord George. If Patrick Blue, Orion, and Grammont ran their last year's race over again, how would it result? It would be a very sporting event. Another Selling Plate, won by Rouge, was succeeded by the Zetland Plate, in which St. Angelo beat two very moderate opponents like a racehorse; he has been an unlucky animal, but, we hope, may make ample atonement in the future for his Spring defeats, and bring credit and renown to a truly magnificent supporter of racing.

Worcester and Beverley were going on at the same time; and, with the remark that the everlasting Tommy Tittlemouse won again, there is nothing noticeable.

Next week we have Gatwick and Liverpool clashing; not perhaps that much loss will accrue to either meeting—except that Captain Machell will probably patronize Gatwick. The Liverpool meeting promises us a better contest for the Cup than is usually the case at this fixture. Nunthorpe is favourite, his running at the First July Meeting seeming to give him a great chance; but we have always had such a liking for Alice that, if she is fancied by her stable, we shall hold her chance in the highest respect, though she has a burden (8 st. 10 lbs.) considerably more than she has been accustomed to. There are good acceptances for the Molyneux and Croxteth Plates, which are to us a puzzle; though we are assured by an excellent judge that Arturo will win the latter event. And the same eminent authority warns us that King Charles may be dangerous in the former. We record the prophecies in this order, as the seer seemed to be more emphatic about the first selection. We understand that Armored is to run in the Nursery Stakes, and she will show us if she was unlucky to be beaten at the First July Meeting, as we certainly thought she was.

And now a few words generally upon racing topics. Can any one explain how it is that at the present moment it is almost impossible to sell a yearling, unless most fashionably bred, at a remunerative figure? and, further, how is it that stallions command the fees for their services that they do, or are reputed to do? Did not it seem ridiculous to see yearling after yearling sent out of Messrs. Tattersall's ring without a bid? If (in many cases) even a bid of the sire's fee had been made, it would cheerfully have been taken. Is it because the great stakes are falling in value? They certainly were too high. Is it scarcity of money and bad trade? It is hard to account for the change. A few dashing young buyers will rush the prices up, and there are not many of that sort about now; but somehow the small men, who would give 50 to 150 guineas for likely yearling, hold aloof. We can't understand it; perhaps Doncaster may bring better times for breeders. We hope so, but the present state of affairs is very curious. We have spoken of the ancient Tommy Tittlemouse's victory at Beverley; has the victory of the other old runner in the North anything to do with lower values for the young ones? It's quite an enigma to us; but there are many things in the racing world that are very puzzling. If all were plain sailing there would be no fun in it; the element of uncertainty is its attraction.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a rather chilly and, for the first part of it, a windy week, considering that we are in the dog-days, the temperature of even 70° having been attained only very rarely during the period. Rain, too, has been general, though not excessive, and most districts, except the south and south-west of England, have by now nearly, if not quite, made up their average quantity since January 1. On Thursday, July 7, an area of low pressure, with readings at its centre below 29 inches, lay over the Orkneys, and strong westerly winds, with showers, swept over the whole of the kingdom; but in the south-east of England the sun came out, the weather was fairly warm, and 70° was registered in London and at Yarmouth. On Saturday morning a fresh disturbance appeared off Valencia, and it crossed Ireland during the day, its centre passing over Dublin about 6 p.m. It brought with it rain, locally heavy— 0.9 inch at Donaghadee and 0.6 inch at Parsonstown. On Saturday morning the centre of the disturbance lay off the coast of Lincolnshire. As the whole system passed away the sky cleared, and during Monday the thermometer rose

to 77° in Jersey and to 70° at Holyhead. At the same time a fresh area of low pressure approached Valencia from the westward, and as much as 1.7 inch of rain was measured at that station on Tuesday morning. The system gradually spread eastwards, and on Wednesday we find a shallow area of depression covering the whole south of England and the Channel. The system is so extensive that the gradients are slight and the winds light, and the only rain worth mention, which is reported for Tuesday, was at Hurst Castle, where it amounted to 0.64 in. In France the weather has been more seasonable in the southern parts, and the thermometer rose to 91° at Lyons on Sunday, to 90° at Perpignan on Friday and Sunday, and at Rochefort on Monday. At these stations there has been no very heavy rain during the week. For the week ending on Saturday last the majority of the stations given in the weekly weather report had a rainfall above its average; and in the west of Scotland and north of Ireland the excess was more than an inch. Fort William even reports two inches. As regards sunshine the record is deficient. The Channel Islands were far ahead, Jersey having 66 per cent. and Guernsey 68 per cent. of possible duration. Southampton was the only other station which passed 60 per cent. In London we had 53.

REVIEWS.

THE WRECKER.*

WE hear so much now of the *new* humour, the *new* criticism, and the *new* poetry, that any day the *new* fiction may be upon us. And it is certainly a relief to find that Mr. Stevenson, who looks with no unkind eyes on America and things American, can still call himself the successor of Scott, and that his imagination is yet unravaged by the *new* dulness. There are ultramontanes among his admirers who will resent the name of his collaborator, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, on the title-page of *The Wrecker*, and, comparing it with his former triumphs, will prefer their favourite *Kidnapped* and *Prince Otto*; yet *The Wrecker* is unsurpassed by any of his other novels, *The Master of Ballantrae* alone excepted. It possesses an amount of original observation of men and things that we do not find in his former works of fiction, while the worst that can be said of it is that the authors have chosen a style more pedestrian than Mr. Stevenson's perfect literary execution might lead his readers to expect. Of course, it has all those faults of construction so glaring in *The Master of Ballantrae*. It is far longer, and these faults are therefore more apparent than they should be. For instance, after a prologue and seven chapters, the story suddenly begins again. For the development of the plot the matter of these seven chapters might have been compressed into one. With any other writer this would have been intolerable, but we can never have too much of Mr. Stevenson. Delightful as are the descriptions of artist life in the Latin Quarter, and the caricature of a sound commercial education, they would have found a better place in a volume of essays and studies. No one, however, can afford to skip them. The humorous incident of the Rousillon wine reminds us of the *Lost Room* of FitzJames O'Brien, and may serve as a possible solution to that marvellous story. And the visit to Edinburgh and the Scotch grocer's family recalls that exquisite harlequinade *The Wrong Box*.

The absence of female interest in *The Wrecker* may surprise a good many people who were hoping that Mr. Stevenson would depart from his self-imposed convention. But in Mamie he has only given us a little sketch of a woman's character. So delicate is it, however, that it will not disappoint those who remember Mrs. Henry in *The Master*. Mr. Stevenson has wisely contented himself with the enduring spirit of romance, over which he is so complete a Prospero, and with using his old materials that, for him, are always new. To the real romantic writer subject and background are of no importance. And Mr. Stevenson finds romance either in the days of Villon in mediæval Paris, in modern London, "the city of encounters," or in the auction-rooms and drinking-saloons of nineteenth-century San Francisco. The excitement of *The Wrecker*, when the story once begins, is so intense as to be almost terrible. It is a succession of vivid pictures and impressions where the element of surprise is ever present. Perhaps only those who have attended some exciting sale at Christie's will appreciate the masterly description of the auction of the "Flying

* *The Wrecker*. By R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Cassell & Co.

[July 16, 1892.]

Scud." As the bidding increases, the suspense in which the reader is held is perfectly exhausting, and we can only hope that it will not be the lot of any one to be reading this scene at night in a badly-lighted railway carriage of the South-Eastern Railway when the lamp is going out, and no light is available until the next station. Our fear (it is something more than interest) from the time when Loudon Dodd sketches in the drinking bar the putative Captain Trent and his battered crew, until the mystery of the wreck is solved, never for one moment abates. Objection may be taken to the supreme horror of the catastrophe. But, after being worked up to such a pitch, the whole story would have been in the nature of a "sell" had the explanation been trivial or other than fearful. We shall not, however, spoil *The Wrecker* by telling this enthralling story to any one who has the good fortune *not* to have read it. We can only whet their curiosity by anticipating their pleasure.

There is nothing in Mr. Stevenson's fantastic tales, full as they are of unreal terror and mimic tragedy, to equal the grim, realistic horror of the last chapters of *The Wrecker*. The characterization, especially of the seafaring folk, is worthy of the pen that drew Long John Silver and Old Pew. Having already given us an admirable picture of the swaggering Papistical Irishman, we are here presented with a companion and even more lifelike type of the Ulster Protestant, described with all the enthusiasm of "one who knows him," but with greater circumstance and truth. Indeed, *The Wrecker* is rather overweighted with characterization. The Scotch stonemason—quite a minor person—is as elaborate in his way as Jim Pinkerton, one of Mr. Stevenson's happiest creations. But Loudon Dodd, the hero, who tells his own story, was a great reader of Balzac, we are told, and was strong on "character" in consequence. In the epilogue Mr. Stevenson, after his manner, is kind enough to tell us how his story was written, and discusses at some length his methods of work and those of his collaborator's. But these explanations are like those of the conjurer when assuring us that there is no deception. He answers, too, with great skill the few trifling objections we have urged—the faulty construction and the presence of the first seven chapters. He naively informs us that these were written before the authors made up their mind as to the plot of the story. Well, many good novels have been written on the same principle—namely, an entire absence of plan—but none, we venture to say, have been more successful than *The Wrecker* is destined to become. Like many writers, Mr. Stevenson is fearful of criticism from others. We, however, do not criticize in the present case, we only review. And no one has asked the author to correct those faults which in him are positive virtues. The enterprising Messrs. Cassell might surely have found a more handsome setting for *The Wrecker*. The illustrations are of a kind calculated to obscure rather than illustrate the text.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND TOURING.*

M R. WARBURTON PIKE is of the stamp of the men who have been building up the British Empire. He went to the barren ground of Northern Canada, nominally in pursuit of the Arctic musk-ox, but really in the sheer spirit of adventure. He endured an extraordinary amount of hardships, and up to a certain point he professes to have found them enjoyable, though in the end he was more than satiated. He makes some useful contributions, moreover, to our knowledge of a desolate region that has been scarcely penetrated by the white man; but the information he collected is necessarily vague. Never was an explorer equipped with a more slender outfit. Not only had he no instruments for taking scientific observations, but, for some reason or other, he was not even provided with a watch. It certainly was not that he went in for economy. From first to last, in paying his way, he must have expended a large sum of money. He might have carried a chronometer without much inconvenience, though each ounce of additional weight sometimes became of importance. But he drew the limits of the strictly indispensable at a gun, ammunition, and a blanket. It was no use laying in great stores of food, because the improvident half-breeds and Indians devoured them promptly. He sought a substitute for comforting tea in an abominable decoction from a stunted shrub which goes by the name of Labrador tea; but it is unfortunate

that nothing has been discovered to do duty for tobacco. He could never have achieved all he did achieve had it not been for the hospitality of the Hudson Bay posts and the friendly offices of the men in charge. Perhaps it is partly in gratitude that he has nothing but praise for the administration of the great Company and its relations with its red subjects or feudatories. Although it still enjoys a practical monopoly, in some of the more accessible districts the monopoly has been infringed. Mr. Pike does not approve of these free traders, though individually he found some of them good fellows. They are irresponsible; they undersell the Company; they gather their harvest of furs in the short season, and then withdraw to spend their gains on the confines of civilization. Now the Company—monopolists as they used to be—are liberal in their dealings, and undertake heavy responsibilities. They protect the missionaries; they look after the physical well-being of the Indians, and impose penalties so heavy as to be prohibitory on any one selling spirits. More than that, they feed the Indians in winter, when they are invariably starving; and, even when they break contracts and sell furs to the free traders, they save them from famine all the same. That may be partly from interested motives; for, were these wildernesses to be depopulated, no furs would be brought in. But, be the motives what they may, the results are eminently beneficial. Many people would be inclined to say that it is a doubtful kindness preserving life in that Barren Ground.

Mr. Pike, however, assures us that its fascinations are irresistible, even for the white who has only for a season associated with the savages. He ought to speak with authority, for he endured the extremities of misery. Some of the Company's posts which rely mainly on the fishing are not unfrequently in a sufficiently tight place, for the plenty and the poverty are rather arbitrarily localized. One may push forward through scrubby timber and desert for days, never seeing a hoof-track. Then of a sudden you come into a land where the cariboo are actually swarming. We are surprised to hear that, in Mr. Pike's opinion, they are as numerous as those countless herds of buffalo which used to range the American prairies down to the Red River of Texas. Further north you reach the desolate haunts of the musk-oxen, who wander, likewise, in numerous herds, and are so unsophisticated as to be easy of approach. Elsewhere, for some four years out of seven, the rabbits are as regularly distributed as the quails which fed the Israelites in the desert. Each seventh year they are as regularly swept away by an epidemic, which would seem to support the reasoning of those who maintain that our grouse disease is due to over-stocking. The rabbits, like the Indians, must sometimes starve; but as for the musk-oxen, they fatten on next to nothing. By scraping away the snow, they get at the lichens, and Mr. Pike must often have had occasion to envy them, though he came to like his cariboo marrow and fat raw, and could dine comfortably on half-putrid carcasses he disputed with the wolverines and the vultures. It was well he was in fair training for starvation when he made his rather reckless attempt to cross the Rocky Mountains to Southern Alaska. The little party lost its way, mistaking one river for another; and, after sustaining sufferings that sound almost incredible without an absolute collapse of strength, were only saved by a series of something like miracles.

Through Famine-stricken Russia tells another tale of suffering and horror, though in this case the sufferings are more general and involuntary. Mr. Stevens, who had been familiarized with Russia by long residence, visited the worst of the famine districts as Correspondent to the *Daily Chronicle*. He wisely declined recommendations to officials who, professing to help, are apt to hinder; but he was well introduced to private philanthropists. He came to the conclusion that, although the distress varied in the different provinces, the general reports had not been exaggerated. What we find most discouraging in his narrative is his conviction that this is no mere passing visitation, but is due to chronic causes which have been gravely aggravated this season. We suspect that the fundamental and immediate source of trouble was the precipitate liberation of the serf, which, like the emancipation of the negro, set free a lot of children. The Russian peasant is as improvident as the Arctic Indian, and has the same unquenchable thirst for spirits. Unhappily, the paternal State draws an enormous revenue from the sale of the vilest vodka. There are capitalists in the cities who have made large fortunes by the vodka; there are many nobles who run private distilleries on their estates; and the poison can be bought at tenpence the bottle. The vodka makes a desperate man more reckless; he will bake his seed corn into bread, and burn the roof of his hovel for firewood. Naturally, again, culture is either neglected or conducted in the most primitive fashion. In Central Russia there are vast tracts of fertile black soil, which cannot be worked out, and

* *The Barren Ground of Northern Canada.* By Warburton Pike. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Through Famine-stricken Russia. By W. Barnes Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

The Best Tour in Norway. By R. J. Goodman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Camping Sketches. By G. R. Lowndes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

need no manuring. Yet Mr. Stevens believes that tillage is doomed to decay, though, if the land were owned by English or Americans, the country might become the granary of Europe. In the meantime the most industrious farmers, even the German colonists, are being gradually beggared. Count Tolstoi told the Correspondent to mark the course of the famine. It comes with stealthy steps and by slow degrees. The victim first borrows; then he sells horses, cattle, furniture. At the best he is left hopelessly in the hands of the usurer. And starvation tells so heavily on the children as seriously to affect the rising generation. The sole comfort is to be sought in the theory of the survival of the fittest. Mr. Stevens adds that the scarcity of fuel is becoming almost as serious a consideration as the scarcity of food. Indeed, the abandoned fields might smile again next year were there sufficiency of seed with the means of tillage; but nothing in the meantime can replace the forests which have been recklessly cut down and consumed.

We presume that Mr. Goodman is one of the many disinterested authors who devote themselves to the encouragement of the publishing trade. He cannot reasonably expect much fame or profit from his book, yet there is no special reason why it should not have been written. He flatters himself he has found out the best tour in Norway for those who have but a limited time at their command, and very probably he is right. At all events he is a pleasant and chatty companion; he steers the middle course between "rushing" a country and dawdling; and he can appreciate and agreeably describe the most striking points in the romantic scenery. Besides he gives a good deal of useful information as to the accommodation and the fare in the inns and on the steamers. But we should say he is rather too much of an optimist, which, though an extremely amiable quality, makes us mistrustful of the optimist as a guide.

As for the camp sketches, they are suggestive as well as bright and amusing, though whether they should be taken as a warning or an encouragement must depend on the reader's temperament. If Mr. Pike represents the men who made the British Empire, the sprightly heroes of the camp sketches represent the material which officers the rank and file of the gallant British army. In no other country would young men of good means and position gratuitously go in for roughing it, and agree to call it pleasure. Nor are they in any way hypocritical, for they proved their good faith by camping out on several successive occasions. They lived that pseudo-Bedouin existence—and we must remember that the Bedouins have been bred and brought up to it—in Cheshire and in Wales, on Dartmoor, in Dorsetshire, and in the Shetlands. So that they went through a tolerably wide range of experiences. They had a knack of losing their luggage and their camp equipment; but that in no way annoyed them. They slept in well-ventilated barns, with holes which admitted the bats and the winds, but refused to let out the fire-smoke; they made fast friends with the neighbouring farmers and the farmers' daughters, who at first eyed them askance as vagrants and sturdy rogues, but subsequently lavished provisions and smiles upon them, according to sex and age. And they made merry, even in the depth of winter, under canvas, although the snow, drifting up around the tents, made them somewhat indolent at daybreak, and such a bag as a single sandpiper after a long day's shooting seemed scarcely to repay the soaking and the toil. The book is in the style of the well-known *Three in Norway*; and, if the reservoirs of the writer's humour are fairly well filled, there are some evidences of effort in the sustained pumping.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.*

IT would be an affectation to ignore the rumour which attributes these two volumes to the late Sir Richard Wallace. We have to add that it would show some credulity to accept the rumour without question. No doubt the two volumes are full of finger-posts, so to speak, pointing to Sir Richard as the only possible author; but those who have some acquaintance with the extensive series of sham memoirs issued from the Grub Streets of London and Paris, are aware that nothing is easier than to fabricate indications of this kind. Their mere presence does not necessarily prove more than the ingenuity of the "editor." In this case there are some circumstances of suspicion about the manner of publication of this book. We are not told by whose authority it is published, for one thing. The editor remains anonymous. The *Saturday Review* would be the last paper in this country to disregard or to complain of a legitimate anonymity. But it is not in all cases legitimate, and we doubt whether an editor who presents us with two volumes of re-

miniscences by somebody unnamed has a right to feel offended if he is asked to show by what authority he publishes them. Then, again, one would like to be told how far the text has been "edited" in the newspaper sense of the word. The reminiscences of a well-known man are one thing; a compilation from his notes eked out by padding is quite another. We are not told whether we are dealing with the first or the second here. That being so, those responsible for the publication cannot fairly feel aggrieved if we decline to treat the book as what it is alleged to be by "well-informed persons," who do not, or cannot, name the source of their information. As the reviewer is supplied with no other guide he must go by internal evidence.

Internal evidence, to be frank, inspires us with very real doubt how far this book, as a whole, can be the work of the very well-known man to whom it is attributed. It would be pedantic to make too much of such a sentence as this:—"He was coming to the conclusion that she had offered twenty in order to place ten, when he ran against Comte Lehon, the husband of the celebrated Mlle. Musselmans, the erstwhile Belgian Ambassador to the Court of Louis Philippe, who averred frankly that he was the father of a family, though he had no children of his own." If the rule as to the use of the relative pronoun which Judge Jeffreys learned from Busby were applied to this sentence, it would appear that Mlle. Musselmans was the erstwhile ambassador, and that Louis Philippe confessed that he had fathered somebody else's children. But gentlemen living in the best society are not always as strict in their grammar as Mr. Cobbett, and may write slovenly English without losing their character. What they are not likely to do is to disregard the practices of good society itself. It is certainly improbable that a gentleman who had lived in the best French and cosmopolitan society would be guilty of the solecisms of talking about "De Musset" and "De Joinville," or would write of "Don Martinez Garay" and "Don Gutierrez de Estada." The pen of the "editor" of these notes is assuredly responsible for such blunders as these. They are matters of form which may have become inaccurate in the process of transcribing. But there is much which is not matter of form in these two volumes, of which all we can say is that it may very well be the work of the editor. It is pure padding. The man in the street might have done it all. This is particularly the case in the second volume. The accounts of the Court life at Compiegne and of Paris during the siege and the Commune have nothing about them to show that they are not the work of a "Correspondent of an evening paper" who happened to be employed in France at the time. We could quote much else which is mere general remark, and might well be the work of any man who was about with his eyes open. Other passages, again, notably one about the Spanish marriage, can hardly have been written by one who was in a position to be well informed. It is given in the form of a quotation from Guizot, but it is incredible. Even the Inquisitor Tartufe, as Carlyle called him, can hardly have said to a man whom he had met for about the second time the words quoted here. M. Guizot is represented as saying, "Let me tell you that the unfitness of Don Francis d'Assia was '*le secret de polichinelle*', however much your countrymen may have insisted that it only leaked out after the union. Personally I was entirely opposed to it; and, in fact, it was not a Ministerial question at all, but one of Court intrigue." This is simple nonsense. Guizot cannot possibly have said that the Spanish marriage was not a Ministerial question. It may be noted, too, that, though the author of this book speaks very highly of Guizot, he makes him represent his own conduct as even baser than it has been called by his most severe critics. The one poor excuse for his share in the Spanish marriage is that he thought it "a Ministerial question," it is precisely that he believed he was serving the interests of the dynasty and of France. Yet here he is made to say that he took part, without rag or shadow of excuse, in the basest of base intrigues. "*Ce ne peut pas être cela*," as we are elsewhere told that Delacroix said of the translations of Shakespeare. If Sir Richard Wallace wrote it, his authority can be of little value. For our part, we decline to believe, in the absence of evidence, that Sir Richard did write it. If our disbelief wrongs any man, the fault is not ours. When you can produce no papers, and there are suspicious fittings in the hold, you must not be surprised when you are taken for a smuggler.

Doubts as to the real authorship of the book need not prevent the reader from enjoying a good deal of it. However and by whomsoever composed, it is the work of somebody who knew much about the literary and artistic world of Paris in the reign of Louis Philippe, and saw the outside, and a little more than the mere outside, of the Empire with an intelligent eye and rather

* *An Englishman in Paris: Notes and Recollections.* 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

more than the ordinary knowledge of the man in the street. There is, as we have already said, a marked difference between the first and the second parts of the book. In the latter, and in spite of occasional references to thoroughly trustworthy sources of information, there is comparatively little which shows personal knowledge. The accounts of the Duc de Morny, of Persigny, Rouher, and Walewski have no particular originality. Many of the stories are even of a very stock kind, tending to show that great events spring from little causes—a very favourite moral with memoir-writers, and more particularly with the authors of other people's memoirs. We are told that the Mexican expedition arose out of a quarrel between the Duc de Morny and Count Walewski about a box at the Opera, and that "the dynasty of the younger branch of the Bourbons had been overthrown because Lamartine saw no other means of liquidating the 350,000 francs he still owed for his princely journey to the East." Even so did Noah cause the Flood by throwing his slops out of window from the Ark. The thing is notorious to all really knowing persons. All these stories about the intrigues of Morny and the debts of Lamartine were, indeed, *les secrets de Polichinelle*. The latter part of the book is full of that cheap smartness of your knowing fellow who is not to be taken in by shams. There is a great deal of the new humour about it. Consistently enough, the author indulges in much spiteful talk about the Empress Eugénie. Even if the substance of this also were not *le secret de Polichinelle*, nothing could be in worse taste. Here, for instance, is an absolute gem of vulgarity:—

'The most observed of all the guests was Mlle. de Montijo, accompanied by her mother; but no one suspected for a single moment that the handsome Spanish girl who was galloping by Louis Napoleon's side would be in a few months Empress of the French. Only a few knowing ones offered to back her for the Imperial Stakes at any odds; I took them, and, of course, lost heavily. This is not a figure of speech, but a literal fact. There were, however, no quotations "for a place"; backers and bookies alike being agreed that she would be first or nowhere in the race.'

The writer expresses his dissent from the opinion that the conduct of Morny was *talon rouge* on a certain occasion. If he thinks that this is the tone of a gentleman, he is as much mistaken as Morny's admirers can have been. The intelligence of the passage is on a level with the breeding. Nobody foresaw that Mlle. de Montijo would be Empress, and yet the knowing ones bet on her. It would be interesting to learn how there could be quotations "for a place" where there were no places. Whoever wrote it, this is the wit of gutter journalism. As for the nasty tittle-tattle told about the marriage, while the lady who is the object of this spiteful stuff is still alive, it belongs to the same order of scribbling. In the same manner is a reference to Thiers as "a second-rate Talleyrand" (a quite unmeaning phrase), "who has been grandiloquently termed the 'liberator of the soil' because he happened to do what any intelligent bank-manager could have done as well." This is, indeed, trash. Whoever wrote it is, or was, a fool in rebellion against the decree of nature, which forbade him to be clever—and a spiteful fool into the bargain. We say again that it is not to be believed that it was written by the gentleman on whom it has been fathered until evidence is produced.

It is not, as a rule, sound criticism to leave the good you have to say of a book to the end of a review. But there are exceptions, and, for reasons which we trust are now sufficiently obvious, this is one of them. We allow that there is a certain amount of pleasant reading in the two volumes. The early part of the first contains a good deal about the artistic and literary worlds of Paris, and more particularly about the Bohemian part of them, in the reign of Louis-Philippe. We do not know that they contain much, or indeed anything, which is new. The wild financial schemes of Balzac are ancient history; but there is a very typical example of them quoted here. He persuaded Lirieux of the Odéon to let him dispose of all the seats at the theatre for the first three nights of a proposed run of *Les Ressources de Quinola*, and then ran the prices up to an absurd figure. It was his conviction that he would make a great coup. Of course he only disgusted the theatre-goers, and the piece was produced to an empty house. The profusion, the pecuniary embarrassments, and the unfailing good-nature of Dumas, again, are not heard of in this book for the first time; but what is said about them is consistent with known truth. So, by the way, is the little that is said about the ingrained snobbery of Eugène Sue. The author appears to have been much more familiar with painters, actors, and musicians than with men of letters. He confesses that he preferred a picture to a book, and his taste led him to live among painters. In the earlier days he saw much of the Bohemians who inhabited "La Childebert" in the Quartier Latin—a ramshackle

tenement in the Rue Childebert. They were amusing fellows, not unknown, by the way, to those who have read *La Vie de Bohème*, but not unwelcome on that account. Of the theatrical figures introduced, the most carefully drawn are Taglioni and Rachel—both very much in black. We cannot mention all the celebrities, artistic, theatrical, or musical, discussed in the book. They amount to a goodly number, and are always reasonable good company. There are also some acceptable sketches of the look of the streets of Paris during the Revolution of '48 and the war-time of 1870-71. In short, there is enough to repay some skimming; but there is certainly not enough to make this a book of any importance. It stands more in need of discreet rumours attributing it to some man of mark than any man's memory can stand in need of such support as it can give.

ABOUT WAGNER.*

WITH Wagnerian guides in request among opera-goers, Mr. Krehbiel's volume of *Studies* ought to find favour with the more sober and critical of the Wagnerian public. There are, we observe, books that profess, with exquisite significance, to be guides through the *Ring des Nibelungen*. They are helpful, let us hope, to distressed and bewildered souls in the maze. Mr. Krehbiel, however, is not to be classed with the personal conductors of the crowd. He is, on this side of idolatry, as good a Wagnerite as any that be. But his is the Wagnerian faith that is not based upon a childish credence in the new art which the Bayreuth master bequeathed to his simple flock. He does not write as though he believed that the music-drama began and ended in Wagner, that behind Wagner there was chaos, and before him the endless vista of the centuries glorified by the music of the future. Dealing with the Wagnerian elements, he takes us back to dark beginnings, even unto the Greek drama, though he does not convince us that here are to be found prototypes of Wagnerian principles, or that Wagner's ignorance of the place occupied by music in the Greek theatre was not as complete as ignorance can be. Certainly, nothing could be more opposed to the artistic spirit of the Greeks than to compel the orchestra to usurp "some of the functions of the chorus." It may be perfectly consistent, though it is not Greek, that one who "reversed the old relations between librettist and composer" should exalt the orchestra above the singer and actor. If every composer for the lyric stage must be associated with the Greek tragedy-writers because, like Wagner, "First (and foremost) he is poet as well as musical composer," Aeschylus will be found in strange company. The second reason Mr. Krehbiel gives for this odd association is that Wagner "saw in the drama the highest form of art—one that unites in itself the expressive potentiality of each of the elements employed in it, raised to still higher potency through the merit of their co-operation." A third reason is that "Wagner believes, like the Greek tragedians, that the fittest subjects for dramatic treatment are to be found in legends and mythologies." And, lastly, it is urged that Wagner believed that the lyric drama should encourage the national feeling of the people for whom it is created.

These may be excellent views, and great may be the composer who holds them; but it cannot be disputed, we think, that a composer may hold them, with religious fervour, and yet be no dramatist. Wagner has repeatedly illustrated this simple truth in his treatment of legends and mythologies. When the old poetic form of his story suggests dramatic scenes, his treatment is essentially non-dramatic. The orchestra takes to the stage, as it were, and the drama goes out. Who can regard without boredom or without a shudder think of the repeated ruptures of the action caused by Wotan's dull and long-winded recitations? You have more Wotanism, again, in Tannhäuser's dreary recital of his Romeward journey and its results; and in the ghastly ineptitude of the scene in *Tristan und Isolde*, when Kurwenal dashes in upon the lovers with a warning cry, and King Mark enters and delivers a long and dolorous lecture. The King's "sermonizing," as Mr. Krehbiel justly calls it, is mildly described as "theatrically disappointing"—that is all. But, it must be added, Mr. Krehbiel remarks, "it offers in itself a complete defence of its propriety." Now the propriety of King Mark's behaviour may be incontestable, but it is not shown how it proves that the man who designed this scene was a dramatist and his works worthy to rank with the plays of Aeschylus and Shakespeare. Leaving the Greeks, Mr. Krehbiel's researches into the sources of Wagner's principles become more profitable. It is always well, though somewhat late in the day,

* *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama.* By Henry Edward Krehbiel. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

Wagner as I Knew Him. By Ferdinand Praeger. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

and after the fray, to show that Wagner was no mere pestilent innovator. There were other revolutionaries as great in their day as he. Jacopo Peri concealed his orchestra; Monteverde increased his. Caccini, that eminent Florentine singing-master, prophesied of Wagner in his teaching of vocal expression. Gluck, Grétry, and the rest—well, it is now an old story. Never did regenerator of art have so many precursors as Richard Wagner. Let the Wagnerites pursue this fruitful line, and claim Tubal Cain, and they gain the whole camp of the sulking orthodox. Better still is Mr. Krehbiel's insistence upon Wagner's encouragement of the national sentiment. Those who are apt to groan under the visitation of Wotan "brought face to face with the consequences of his violation of the moral law" may be consoled by the reflection that Wagner is "a German dramatist"—very German, as Coleridge said of Klopstock—just as distinctly German "as *Eschylus* was a Greek, or *Shakspeare* an Englishman." He wrote for Germans—though Shakspeare, on excellent authority, wrote "for all time." "His whole system of dramatic declamation rests on the genius of the German tongue," which amounts to saying he did not write for a people who produce great singers. No one can deny that Wagner, as Mr. Krehbiel puts it, paid proper deference to the genius of the language he employed and to the "vocal peculiarities" of the people who were to "perform and enjoy the drama." The italics are ours.

The late Mr. Praeger was a devoted adherent and a very cordial friend of Richard Wagner. His recollections form a contribution to Wagnerian biography which no one can afford to neglect. A considerable portion of the volume deals with a period when Mr. Praeger did not know Wagner, but in all respects the fairness and calm shown by the writer with regard to the tumultuous composer are conspicuous. The book is very entertaining and instructive. It is perfectly clear that Mr. Praeger's friendship was as deep as it was sincere. There is nothing surprising in this, however; for Wagner, whatever his detractors may say, possessed the valuable gift of attracting friends to himself and his cause from the most unpromising quarters. What is more surprising, perhaps, and more satisfactory in a biographical work, is Mr. Praeger's evidently honest endeavour to tell the truth about Wagner, in his relations with the world and his own friends, without inflicting upon his sense of loyalty anything approaching a wound. He does indeed make some not unnatural reflection on Wagner's determined ignoring, in late years, of his share in the Dresden revolutionary outbreak of 1848–9. He seems to have forgotten that Wagner was then a sincere Republican, and afterwards, in prosperity, only a revolutionist on *artistic* grounds. The astute composer would then have you believe he had not conspired against a State while in receipt of State pay, but struck, as a true Radical composer should, against the ignominious work of conducting frivolous Italian operas when he might have been better employed in furthering national—*i.e.* his own—ends. Mr. Praeger's account of this pitiful business is very interesting, though still more interesting is that portion of the book that dates from the year 1855, when Wagner visited London as conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts. The letters and anecdotes relating to this agitating time are full of entertainment, and the writer, at times, owing to a somewhat imperfect command, perhaps, of expression in English, seems to tell more than he would in his description of Wagner's London season. His pictures of Wagner and his ways are decidedly vivid, and his portraiture, on the whole, has both power and vivacity.

NOVELS.*

IT is no disparagement to either of the gifted sisters who have written under the *nom de guerre* of Gerard to say that their individual work lacks something of the attraction which so strongly marked the books they wrote together. The romantic charm of the older novels, which in *Reata*, for example, amounted to witchery, is not to be found in *A Queen of Curds and Cream*. *Reata* was a little being once known never to be forgotten. Her story might pass out of the memory, but the charm of her personality remained. The Countess Eldringen, Ulrica, the "Queen of Curds and Cream," is not charming. She has nothing of the exquisite grace of the "sweet maid," the "prettiest low-

* *A Queen of Curds and Cream.* By Dorothea Gerard. 3 vols. London and Sydney: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1892.

A Waking. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

No Compromise. By Helen F. Hetherington and the Rev. Darwin Burton. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

The Man who was Good. By Leonard Merrick. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Poison of Asps. By R. Orton Prowse. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

born lass that ever ran on the green sward," after whom she is named. She has splendid qualities—courage, truth, loyalty; but she is not fascinating. It was probably not within the scope of Dorothea Gerard's intention to make her so, and Ulrica's upbringing was not of the sort that develops womanly grace; but there it is—the whole story grows and winds round a central figure that repels. Ulrica has reverses of fortune enough to upset the equilibrium of the strongest mind. From starvation to a yearly income of eighty thousand pounds, from the management of a little dairy (hence the curds and cream) in an Austrian mountain village to the possession of a splendid estate in England, and again back to penury, are violent changes for a girl barely twenty-one. They affect Ulrica very little in anything but externals. She remains strong, defiant, rough and rude, honest and true through it all. We will not take the edge off the interest of the reader by saying at which extreme of fortune Ulrica is left. Her history is worth reading not only for her own sake, but on account of the excellent descriptions of scenery and natural events with which it is crowded. Everything about Glockenau, the village where the Countess serves as cook and maid of all work, is told with vivacity and the truth of sympathy. Equally good is the account of the banking in of the marsh on Ulrica's English estate. The volumes have been insufficiently or carelessly revised. "Pealed potatoes" has a queer Hibernian look, and there is unintended ghastliness in the circumstance that Ulrica "caught sight of a pair of skulls lying on the floor of the larger boat." These are, of course, errors of type. But the word chaperone occurs too frequently to be explained in that way. It is sometimes printed as an English word, and sometimes in italics as French, but the spelling is uniform. For this there is only the "fetlock" explanation, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

"Whence came this hair-splitting tendency, this want of balance, this ridiculous subtlety?" This quotation from Mrs. J. K. Spender's novel, *A Waking*, is too apt to be put aside, though we should have preferred to frame it in more polite language. Subtlety is, indeed, the rock on which the ingenuity of the author has split and splintered. Ibsen is not more subtle, the fair Cornelia Blimber not more analytic, than Mrs. Spender has shown herself in this history of a woman's success in puzzling and tormenting herself and every one around her. Heredity, too, has its fell hand in the work, and language has been strained almost to disruption to describe indescribable moods and explain unintelligible processes of thought and feeling. Zina Newbold is a young lady of extraordinary beauty, genius, dignity, and grace, who has been trained by a very queer father in all the philosophies, and is supposed to be braced against all worldly calamity, yet never did the feeblest femininity show less capacity to meet trouble. She has absolutely no conviction, and in the pressure of all she has been taught has no idea what she knows. She has "climbed to the heights of human intelligence" (and a little beyond), but in an emergency can never act like a rational being. Zina is painfully conscious, as she could not fail to be, of the inadequacies of her own nature. She "supposed something has gone wrong in the making of her." She "had not been properly mixed." Quite evidently so; and the author who had the making and the mixing of her must be held responsible by the exhausted follower of Zina's agonies and distresses. The distresses range up and down a gamut as extended as Zina's capacity for enduring them. Her lover suspects her of having poisoned her father; and her husband insists on having larks and *pâté de foie gras* at dinner. Zina ranges in a few months from "the seventh Heaven to the lowest Hell," and the language in which she pours forth her experience in the transit is on the same level of exaggeration the author uses in commenting on it. Mrs. Spender has written a great deal, and it is to be perceived that she has arrived at the quotation stage. The note-book begins to obtrude itself. At moments of passionate debate authorities are not forgotten. Zina replies to a question about her husband:—"As the French say, *rien n'est si triste que la vérité*; it is enough that I have left him." If she had been a light-hearted person, given to epigram, this would pass prettily enough. Sometimes the note-book is in fault. It was not Metternich who said "After me the deluge."

No Compromise may be regarded as an estimable contribution to the controversy between Voluntary and Board schools, but from the point of view of the searcher after amusement the case is different. It is the joint production of a clergyman and a lady, so no single man is responsible for its theories. The authors seem to have been conscious of possessing what Wordsworth called, speaking of one of his poems, "a series of very valuable thoughts," on denominationalism, and to feel that it were well to communicate these to the world in general. The world, however, is too often and too much engaged with its two other partners in wickedness to pay fitting heed to serious

reflections on questions of the kind presented in the form of pamphlets, magazine articles, sermons, or lectures. It was, therefore, resolved to artfully weave the important discussion into the necessarily frivolous form of a novel, and thus to virtuously cheat, so to speak, the giddy into taking something which would be very good for them, but which they certainly would not at all like. The intention from a moral view may be good, but from a literary one it is criminal. The resentful mental attitude of the reader each time that he finds a couple of personages meeting with all apparent cheerful freedom from vicious intent and settling down into the deadly argument, half a page to each opponent for a show of fairness, but with crushing victory pre-ordained for the side of the authors, calls for judgment little short of penal. The feeble little attempt at romance which trickles through the three volumes is almost pathetic in its pretence of relevance. The authors have carefully gathered together such bribes as may tempt the frivolous—flirtation, lawn-tennis, a “run,” a “shoot,” even a species of murder—and placed them on view as best they could, their minds all the while intent on the dialogue between the Vicar and the other, ignorant but willing to be enlightened, which is lurking round the next page. We submit that, while theological novels may exist for the many (*vide Elsmere* and the “Grievous David”) who like them, novels on points of controversy such as that hammered at in *No Compromise* should be forbidden by law. The world of print is open and wide; fiction should be protected.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is distinguished in the school of fiction to which he belongs. His talent is rare, and what the French mean by fine; and, while he disclaims aspiration, he keenly analyses the aspects of humanity which lie open to his vision. He pursues unsparingly the real, and as the ideal does not present itself to his observation he ignores, and perhaps denies, its existence. This limitation may be still further limited, for of the real he studies but one side—the mean, the miserable, the painful. We do not mean that Mr. Merrick never draws a good man or woman, for the subject of the book now under consideration—*The Man who was Good*—is essentially and unselfishly good; but that he fails to see, or at any rate to show, the happiness of goodness. Good or bad, men are miserable. Perhaps it is as difficult for the thinker who keenly sees and knows the joy and beauty of the universe, as for him to whom it is all stale, flat, and unprofitable—nay, more, for Hamlet was then describing only a mood—to whom it is a miserable farce of cruel injustice, to understand each other's point of view as it was for the two knights on the opposite sides of the shield. Both may see quite clearly the troubles of our troubled world; but one sees nothing else, while the other sees all that in the past, the present, and the to-come has power to change them into faith and hope. Books like Mr. Merrick's depress. They are not sad with the old-fashioned melancholy which was half regret, half hope, they are crushing with the despair of fatalism, that cannot lift a glance. The sentiments we are speaking of have nothing to do with religious beliefs. Nor can the school to which Mr. Merrick belongs attribute their joylessness to the fading away of dogmatic faiths. The child that has never been taught a “religion” knows the ecstasy of living, and the old, world-worn man who has taken his experience as a lesson knows its serenity. The novel, however, is clever, and in a way interesting. Dr. Kincaid, the man who was good, is strongly conceived and drawn, without exaggeration, but with intensity. Subtle inflections of feeling, moods of emotion in their action and reaction, the flux and reflux of sympathy in their physical influences, are well within the author's power to play upon. The atmosphere of the story is not refined, nor always pure, and the style seems wilfully to reject grace and simplicity. Remarks are “ejected,” and “the intervention of the pause was demonstrated by their tones” seem imitation of Mr. Meredith. But of the power of the writer in portraying the possibilities of human passion the novel is ample evidence.

If *The Poison of Asps* had certain qualities it does not possess, and if certain qualities it has were absent, the faint reminiscence of Miss Austen which occasionally gleams on the mind of the reader might be more permanent. We cannot have any more Jane Austens, because we have travelled out of the modes and lines of thought of her time. The motto to this novel, “Crush out things called souls! No room for them here!” sufficiently indicates how removed from Miss Austen's plane is the modern novel. Miss Austen troubled herself, or her readers, not at all about souls, their existence or their destination. Imagine a meeting between Ibsen and Miss Austen, with a suggestion that they should discuss heredity. To name a modern novel in the same week with one of Miss Austen's appears a compliment few merit. Some would go further, and say none merit. We do not propose to name *The Poison of Asps* in connexion with *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*, only to point out

that in a few delicate, subdued touches of humour there is some approach to the method of Miss Austen. The novel is decidedly pleasant and readable. The ways of thinking, talking, and acting in English provincial towns are admirably reproduced, without exaggeration and without declared enmity. There they are in all their conventionality, narrowness, absolute remoteness from and dislike of anything intellectually large or morally great. Tattlebridge receives three new residents on one eventful afternoon—the new Rector, who is broad, if not deep; Colonel Winthorpe, delightful old gentleman; and the Colonel's wife, a beautiful girl of twenty-two advanced even for these days of advance in thought and belief. Romance lurks, as it has lately in novels shown a strange tendency to do, in the disguise of theological discussion, and Kitty's arguments against dogma have an effect on the Rector's heart she did not intend. It is all managed with good taste—there is no offence i' the world in it; but the story ends sadly. We should rather say leaves off sadly; for it does not end particularly anywhere.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.*

THE translation of Plato which Mr. Jowett, with the assistance of many generations of Balliol men and others, has produced, and now revised into its third edition, is undoubtedly a very considerable book. It is, of course, true that, when Mr. Bright (we think it was Mr. Bright) pointed triumphantly to it, and asked why any Englishman should now learn Greek, he was but as those Anabaptists who falsely boast that the goods of Christian men are common. The goods of two Christian men—one of whom can read Plato in the original, while the other can only read him in a translation—are not by any means common; they are uncommonly distinct, and the one good is infinitely larger than the other. In one of the numerous additions made to the first issue (at least we think it is one of them) Mr. Jowett, indeed, develops a theory of translation which is not ours, and in almost every page of the book he illustrates it to a sometimes rather disastrous extent. With part of this theory we, indeed, agree, and it would obviously be absurd to dispute the right of the translator to redistribute clauses and sentences where the genius of the two languages requires it, to vary his renderings of the same word or phrase, and to adopt means—and those not always the same means in the same cases—for meeting differences and inequalities arising from the absence of genders, the poverty of conjunctive and adversative particles, and so forth, in English. But when we come to the phrase “He will in some cases rewrite the passage as his author would have written it at first if he had not been nodding,” we must refuse this license to Professor Jowett, as we refused it not long ago to Mr. Leland. In no case, as it seems to us, has the translator any right whatever to “rewrite.” He may say in a note what he thinks his author ought to have written; he may not substitute it without special warning and the reproduction of the original as well.

Mr. Jowett has undoubtedly made it much more possible than Taylor, or Sydenham, or any one else made it for Englishmen who have no Greek to understand the thought of Plato, if not to appreciate his literary merit. In this last respect this translation is certainly not Plato. The crucial instance is still the last sentence of the *Apology*. That sentence in the original has been held by sober and competent judges, not ignorant of many tongues, to be the very finest prose sentence in all literature. In translating it is, of course, not possible to keep the matchless vocalization, and not easy to keep the exquisite cadence. But here is a version which is not, we think, ugly, and is certainly exact:—

“But now is the hour for us to depart—for me to die, for you to live; and which of the twain of us goeth to a better matter is obscure to all except to God.”

In Mr. Jowett's hands this is shortened and altered to:—

“The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.”

Herein the cadence is utterly altered, the first member is bolstered out at the expense of the second, and the final phrase,

* *The Dialogues of Plato*. Translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett. 5 vols. Third edition. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1892.

Selections from Plato. Edited by T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

The Diversions of Epictetus. Translated by George Long. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

Petronii Cena Trimalchionis. Mit deutscher Uebersetzung und erklärenden Anmerkungen von Ludwig Friedländer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1892.

besides presenting an actual ambiguity (for "which is better" might mean which is better, the speaker or his judges), substitutes a Voltairean shrug "God only knows" for the solemn and stately close of the original. Still, we must take so large a work which has stood the test of twenty years' use and of three editions without too narrowly scrutinizing the method of the author—a method which, as has been said, is fairly avowed in the preface, and which is therefore to take or to leave. There is no doubt that the system which Mr. Jowett for the best part of thirty years has pursued, of constantly sharing his work with and submitting his results to others, must have cleared it of most substantial errors. Between the initial co-operation of the late Mr. Purves and the supplementary assistance of Mr. Matthew Knight in translating the *Eryxias* and *Second Alcibiades* as an appendix to this edition, Mr. Jowett acknowledges the aid of more than a dozen collaborators, most of them more or less distinguished scholars. In no kind of work is such aid so valuable as in translation. And lest the buyers of earlier editions should quarrel with the better luck of the buyers of the third, an announcement is here made that anybody who deposits a perfect copy of either may have one of this in exchange at half-price—an offer which is liberal, but considering the mania for first editions not likely to be very widely accepted.

The additions to the analyses and introductions are considerable, extending, according to the table given, to not much less than hundred pages. We note a few things in them that rather surprise us. In a decidedly sweeping, not to say hasty, review of the "Decline of Greek Literature," Mr. Jowett speaks of "Novels like the silly and obscene romances of Longus and Heliodorus." Can it be possible that he is speaking at second-hand, or is it so long since he read these romances that he is confusing them with others? If it is his deliberate opinion, based on recent reading, that *Daphnis and Chloe* is silly, and that the *Aethiopica* is obscene, we confess that we are sorry for the disuse of the practice of arguing theses. The Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford should soon find a paper of challenge nailed on the door of the Schools. Nor would this be the only article, for we gather that even Lucian, though Mr. Jowett kindly allows him "traces of good sense and some power of arousing interest," is not even "a second-rate writer." These things are a little marvellous. There is a considerable addition to the introduction to the *Cratylus* on language—an addition vague and desultory as a whole, but containing some shrewd remarks. Besides some observations on the Platonic idea in opposition to Dr. Jackson, which the preface contains, there is a new tractatule on that subject in the second volume, together with a new excursus on the Platonic myth. The third affords a new dissertation (not superfluous) on the relations of the *Republic*, the *Politicus*, and the *Laws*, with a new note on Atlantis. The fourth yields a treatise on the nature and limits of psychology (too wide a subject for such a place), and the fifth a useful and appropriate excursion on the actual political institutions of Crete, Sparta, and Athens, compared and contrasted with the scheme of the *Laws*. On the whole, it would not be reasonable to deny that the book, as it is now presented, supplies apparatus for the study of a foreign author, to those who cannot read that author in the original, superior to that provided in almost any parallel instance. We may regret that the Greek text was not given face to face with the translation. It is fair to remember that this would have made an enormously big and a proportionately costly book. But it would have made one infinitely more valuable and far less likely to encourage the delusion, which of all things a Professor of Greek should discourage, that you can master Greek authors without reading them in Greek.

While the moneyed but Greekless man has in Professor Jowett's handsome volumes a stately portico to bring him as near to Plato as he may approach, his humbler brother will find a cheaper access provided—and, on the whole, well provided—by Mr. Rolleston, whose book is well selected. He has taken the older translations of Taylor and Sydenham, and revised them where he thought good, so as to present in whole the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phædo*, and *Seventh Epistle* (the inclusion of which last we think judicious, whatever may be said of the original); in part the *Phædrus*, the *Republic*, the *Hippias Major*, and the *Symposium*. The introduction is a little too ambitious, and touches on too many points. You cannot in thirty pages or so contrast Schopenhauer and Lotze with Plato and not bewilder the ignorant, while in the same space the comparison is not very valuable for the knowing. But the propositions about Plato himself are right in the main, and Mr. Rolleston is animated by the right enthusiasm for the greatest of all philosophical writers, if not the greatest of all philosophers—though he is sometimes that also.

The excellence of the late Professor Long's translation of Epictetus is well known, and Messrs. Bell have done very well

to reprint it in two handy and pretty little volumes. Although only part of the Stoic philosopher's work bore the actual title of *Encheiridion*, all of him is in the nature of a pocket-book. He is really what so many philosophical writers are but professedly, "for thoughts," and his expressions are rather texts than sermons. But he is not exactly an author who interprets himself; indeed, considering the circumstances in which his books have come down to us, it would be very odd if he were. He has, moreover, no style, or at least his style is one which loses very little in a translation; and, therefore, he is well adapted for this. Lastly, he requires a good deal of comparison, with Marcus Aurelius especially. All this requires adjustment by a person who has made him a special study, and this Mr. Long gave. His translation was good, his introduction was good, and his notes were good; while the trouble which he took with his index made it a sort of conspectus of the book, as well as a valuable guide for finding any particular item among its contents. Although there are those who think differently, we are disposed to regard with considerable approval Long's duplicate system of notes, the shorter ones and those necessary for immediate explanation or illustration at the foot of the page, the longer and more elaborate at the end of the volume. So here the English reader has once more presented to him, in a comely and handy form, what may be called the driest light of ancient philosophy and morality. It is very dry; there is very little warmth, or comfort, or unction, or colour about it. But if the *lumen siccum* were not, as it is feared it is, only a happy-seeming phrase grounded on a misreading, it may be said that nowhere is it to be found so well as here. And we know whither this dry light led—to suicide and a kind of Quietist despair.

The supper of Trimalchio is not the most interesting, though it is relatively the most "proper," part of the *Satyricon*. But it is the least fragmentary, and has for divers reasons been most in favour for public, if not for private, reading. Professor Friedländer dedicates his text, translation, and notes to Dr. Bücheler, who has certainly of living men done most for Petronius. The thing is done largely, for the introduction occupies seventy and the notes about a hundred and twenty pages. This allowance is, perhaps, justified by the remarkable fullness of the text in paintings of manners; indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that no writer of equal bulk have the authorities on Roman antiquities been so much indebted as to Petronius. It should be said that the introduction contains a careful study of the local government, &c. of small towns in Magna Graecia during the Augustan period.

COLONIAL CHRONOLOGY.*

IN this volume the author has presented us with a bird's-eye view of the history of our Colonial Empire. The book consists of two parts. The first contains a series of four maps, illustrating the growth of the British Empire during four centuries, and chronological tables, arranged in parallel columns, recording the chief events in the Imperial history of Britain over a period extending a hundred years further back. The second part deals separately with each colony or possession of the Empire (India excepted). The idea is a good one; and we can conceive these tables being found useful by students and writers. The arrangement in parallel columns enables one to see at a glance the contemporary history of the rest of the Empire and the position of affairs in each of its parts at the moment of any given occurrence in a particular part upon which attention may for the time be fixed. It would, perhaps, be not much more reasonable to expect an index of a chronology than of a dictionary. The chronological tables, however, obviously enable one only, "given the date, to find the event." A more common want is "given the event, to find the date." For this purpose the second part does, in fact, supply a sort of classified index to all the principal events mentioned in the tables. Given the part of the Empire in which an event has happened, we have only to turn out the name of the country—Canada, or Jamaica, as the case may be—in the second part of the book, and we shall find the principal events of its history picked out and arranged, chronologically again, by themselves. Local maps also of the principal groups of colonies accompany their separate treatment in this part. It is somewhat odd that India, the history of which is duly chronicled in the general tables relating to the whole Empire, is allowed to drop out of the second part altogether, and receives no separate notice. The author no doubt is more especially concerned with the more recently acquired possessions of the Crown, and particularly with the great self-governing colonies. Indian affairs have passed

* *Colonial Chronology*. By H. J. Robinson. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1892.

into the domain of history, whereas, in the case of these other countries, some can scarcely as yet be said to have any history, and of others it has still to be written. It was essential to the comprehensive view of Imperial history in the tables of the first part that Indian events should be included there; and, though there may not have been the same necessity as existed in the case of the colonies for registering again separately the familiar landmarks in the history of our Eastern Empire, nevertheless, India having thus been once included in the scope of the author's design, the omission from the second part of an Indian chapter mars the symmetry of his plan, and leaves its execution incomplete.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this book is afforded by the series of four chronological maps of the British Empire by which the Tables are prefaced. By means of these we get a more comprehensive and instantaneous "bird's-eye view" of the growth of the Empire than even the brief epitome of history in the parallel columns of the tables can give us. The four maps of the world, showing at intervals of a hundred years, from 1592 to 1892, the stages by which so much of that map has finally been "painted red," though we have to turn from them to history if we would know the means by which the results have been attained, yet place the results themselves before our eyes in a way that compels attention, and could hardly fail to awaken interest in the most apathetic and drive them to learn something of that secular struggle and expansion that has in four centuries so altered the face of the habitable globe—ethnologically, politically, and materially. In 1592 the world outside Europe is mostly a blank as regards marks of European acquisition and settlement. The Portuguese fringe India and the Gold Coast; the French are on the St. Lawrence; Spain holds the West Indies; and Holland a patch on the north coast of South America. The possessions claimed by England are the island of Newfoundland and the Virginia Plantation. In another hundred years we are contesting the coast of India with the Portuguese and the Dutch, and the latter have effected settlements in the Malay Peninsula and at the Cape of Good Hope. The West Indies have mostly passed to England; the New England settlements are added, in fact as well as in name, to the British territories in North America, and a thin red line defines the shores of Hudson's Bay. In 1792 the most striking differences are the acquisition by England of Bengal, and the changes on the map of North America by the wiping out of the red line below the forty-fifth parallel by the War of Independence, and the substitution of British for French dominion over Upper and Lower Canada and the maritime provinces. One more patch of colour, to be seen for the first time on this map of 1792, marking the settlement effected four years earlier on the coast of New South Wales, was destined, like those in India and North America, to spread over a vast tract of territory before another hundred years had passed. Of the changes that have taken place in the century now past there is little need to speak. With all India, all Australasia, the Cape, and large patches everywhere of Africa, with the vast Dominion of Canada, and "all the isles of the sea"—with the print of Britain on all these lands—the map shows the British Empire for what it is to-day, the greatest that the world has ever seen. The British race has long been acting upon the principle enunciated by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony, for application in South Africa. We have "painted as much of the map red as possible," and, on the whole—with some exceptions for which we have to thank Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants—we have taken fairly good care that the colour, once it has been painted, should "not be rubbed off again." The best minds among all classes and among all parties in the country are agreed that we must keep what we have got. By all such the necessity of maintaining the unity of our scattered Empire is recognized, and that is a doctrine that wins assent among all conditions of people wherever it is preached. But the Harcourts and Laboucheres are ever with us; and every book, like *Colonial Chronology*, that helps to educate the people upon the history and character of their great inheritance helps also towards the solution of the profound Imperial problem that may sooner than we know demand of us the highest efforts of constructive statesmanship.

The arrangement chronologically in parallel columns of the principal events in the making of the Empire invites the student of England's Imperial history to mark some interesting coincidences. The very arrangement of the columns themselves is not without significance. Europe, America, and Africa have each a separate column throughout. Over the first period tabulated, down to 1579, Asia alone has the fourth column. From that time forward, Australasia is included in the same column, though, sooth to say, it is another quarter of a century before it requires any special notice, and, its name not having been introduced at the date of the first discovery in 1531, it might well

have been left out until the rediscovery by Dutch and by Spanish navigators in 1605-6. With the end of the eighteenth century a further change is necessitated. Discovery had begun to give place to settlement in "The Great South Land." In 1788 an English fleet under Captain Phillip had anchored in Botany Bay and proceeded thence to Port Jackson, better known to-day as Sydney Harbour. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, therefore, the tables consist of five columns, and Australasia has one to itself. From that time forward, in spite of some few sombre pages in the internal history of the colonies, the record of Australasia is one of peaceful growth and industrial development under the protecting arm of England. It was not, however, till the discovery of gold in the middle of this century that there began that extraordinary growth of wealth and population that has caused a new nation to spring up in the Southern Seas within the working life of many men of this generation. It is, indeed, within but little more than a century of to-day that the real beginnings were made of the British Empire as we know it now. True that the long series of events that finally left the British power paramount in the Indian peninsula began in the first half of last century, true that most of the West Indian islands had long been in our possession. True, also, that England possessed thirteen flourishing colonies on the Atlantic seaboard of the North American continent. But the Indies, East and West, are all that remain of the Colonial Empire she could boast before Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham wrested Canada from the French in 1760. The year that saw the Treaty of Paris, which sealed the loss to England of the thirteen United States of America, saw also the restoration of Pondicherry to the French, and of Trincomalee to the Dutch. And yet it was from this period that the making of England's greatness as a world-power truly dates. Clive's victories and the administration of Warren Hastings were coincident with the changes that took place in the New World. These were shortly to be followed by the capture of Ceylon and of Cape Town from the Dutch in 1795, and by the peaceful acquisition through the same years of the vast territories of Australia. The end of last century and the beginning of this one saw the expansion and consolidation of British power in India—a process that is still continuing—saw, too, the foot of England planted—east, west, and south—on all strong places and on all the fertile lands to be reached by the highway of her own domain, the sea. The forty years of peace that followed Waterloo still saw the silent growth of empire, and our own generation has seen the same irresistible march that has planted the British flag upon one-fifth of the habitable globe. The last two entries in the last column of the chronological tables are significant of the phase of our Imperial history we are now passing through. They are—"The National Australasian Convention met at Sydney in March (1891), and drafted a Bill for the constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia," and "Queensland passed the Naval Defence Bill adopted by the other Australasian colonies." The work of the Empire to-day is one of grouping and consolidation. Local federation, though a plant of slow growth, is yet making its way. The second of the two entries quoted marks a stage in that process of combination of the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests and provision for the organized defence of common rights in which, as Lord Salisbury has said, is involved the whole future of the British Empire.

NEO-HELLENICA.*

WHETHER we should first learn ancient Greek and then learn modern Greek, if we choose, or whether we should learn modern Greek as a royal road to ancient Greek, is a question hardly worth discussing. Ancient Greek has the greatest of literatures; modern Greek literature is assuredly not yet on a level with the literature of America. After acquiring the old language very little trouble enables us to read the new, and conversation will "come by nature" or by practice. On the other hand, he who begins with modern Greek will have all the trouble of a different grammar and idiom before him when he approaches the speech of Plato. Whether any scholar worth mentioning has ever reached the old through the new we know not; but any one can readily reach the new through the old. In any case Mr. Constantinides, aided by Major-General Rogers, has produced in *Neo-Hellenica* a kind of manual of modern Greek which is very useful. In a series of dialogues with the modern Greek on one side of the page and English on the other, he combines the ordinary "travel-talk" of tickets and luggage with much infor-

* *Neo-Hellenica*. By Professor Michael Constantinides. London: Macmillan. 1892.

mation about the development of the present literary and popular dialects of Hellas out of the old classical speech. We have no love for modern newspaper Greek and the modern Greek of novels. It is an ugly compromise, in which the vocabulary is to a great extent classical, while the grammar is on the model of modern languages, and the style is rich in clichés, or stereotyped phrases. But what are the Greeks to do? Mr. Constantinides publishes a letter of Johannou, in which he discusses the question, "and it was natural that it should be raised," καὶ ἐπερεψε φυσικῷ λόγῳ ν' ἀνακυνθῆ. What a style! To what an abyss has a noble language descended! But something had to be done. The natural, self-evolved, popular speech might be used, as in France, Italy, England. Or the classical speech might be revived. Or a compromise might be made. The popular speech, having scarce any written literature, is a chaos of dialects. Greece under the Turks had no capital, no Court, no centre, no literary class. Hence she had many patois, but no language. Which patois was to be made the language of literature? Nobody could decide. If the classical speech was to be revived, the majority would never learn it, nor use it. "Intellect and numerical superiority have nothing whatever to do with each other," a text for Mr. Gladstone. Νοῦς ὅμως καὶ ἀριθμὸς εἴναι πάντη ξένα πρὸς ἀλλήλα καὶ ἀλλότρια. Plato could hardly have construed this modern phrase. So a compromise is made. Modern literary Greek is to be as classical as it dares, and as popular as it must. The learned Greeks differ about the due proportion of old and new. Hence the language is in a condition most unfavourable to literature. It is arbitrary, a victim of self-will and individual tastes. Our English would be in a bad way if Mr. Morris wrote in the manner of Beowulf, Lord Tennyson in that of Spenser, and Mr. Froude in that of Wyclif; while Mr. Stevenson wrote in Border Scots, and Mr. Hardy in the rural dialect of Somerset. Modern Greek is more or less in that unlucky posture. Therefore, we should not begin with it, and struggle out of its darkness into the daylight of Lucian. "A writer," as Johannou says, "ought at least to agree with himself"; but even that amount of consistency must be difficult in modern Greek. We may call it an artificial language; but what natural language can the country possess? We are obliged to give the problem up, and leave the Greeks to work out their own linguistic salvation:

δύναμαι νὰ σᾶς ἐφωτίσω μὲ ποῖον ἔχω τὴν τιμὴν νὰ δμιλῶ;

May I ask you whom I have the honour of addressing? This is modern Greek for—

τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; πόθεν τοι πόλις ἡδὲ τοκῆς;

Artificiality, a Japanese adoption of Europeanisms, can go no further. Before the Turkish yoke was broken, at least no Greek said

δύναμαι νὰ σᾶς ἐφωτίσω,

and the rest. Where even the Septuagint says

ὅμοιος νιφὶ ἀνθρώπουν

modern Greek has

ὅμοιος μὲ νιφὶ ἀνθρώπουν,

the grammar being terribly decayed.

A most interesting part of Mr. Constantinides's book presents examples of decaying Greek, popular and literary, from the fifth century of the Christian era onwards to the ballads of Magna Graecia at the present day. The decadence wrought by monkish anecdote and monkish style among the countrymen of Plato is melancholy to witness. In 610 we read of Bonosus, who "perpetrated such atrocities," ἔστις τὰ πάνθεια διεπράξασ. In the eighth century we have Copronymus, who "behaved improperly to a nun who was advanced in years but very beautiful," προστρέχθη διπρεπῶς πρὸς καλογραΐαν τινὰ προβεβηκνιαν. Not much good could come out of such debasement. In the twelfth century we have poetry on the model of

Yankee doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony.

This is still the most popular metre, a measure familiar to Aristophanes. Here is a modern Greek hexameter from a translation of the Odyssey:—

K' εἰς θαλασσίας πλανήσεις ὑπέφερε λύπας μυριας,
for

πολλὰ δ' ὁ γ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἀλγεα δν καὶ θυμόν.

How does a modern Greek, pronouncing by accent, read Homer, or the Tragedians, or any ancient poet? How does he get any harmony into the lines, the most musical in the world? These are questions to which no satisfactory answer can be given by the partisans of accent in pronunciation.

There is much useful information about learning among the later Greeks in this work. An English Professor of International Law need no longer suppose that Musurus Pasha is a Turk! Such ignorance is rare, but the general subject is little understood in England. Mr. Constantinides has written not only with learning, but with good temper, on a subject rather apt to irritate controversialists. Apparently the evolution of modern Greek, and of literature in modern Greek, must be left to the slow influences of time. At present the popular ballads appear to be the best poetry of the race, and they are couched in a speech naturally evolved, and, in Italy, mixed with Italian.

TOURS IN SCOTLAND, 1677 AND 1681.*

THIS little volume contains the experiences of two Yorkshiremen who decided on the 14th of May, 1677, to travel through parts of Scotland. Starting through Yorkshire and Northumberland, Thomas Kirk, of Cookridge, and Ralph Thoresby visit Bamborough and the Ferne Islands, at which place they take a deeper interest in the life of the sea-birds than in the ecclesiastical ruins. They drink the Governor's health, a duty they never seem to neglect, and hasten on to Belford, finding along the sea-shore "store of conies," to "Barwick," which they reach on the 24th. Here they are detained by one of their horses falling ill, and so they "view the town," and they further note, "we caroused with the officers." At Dunbar they give a slight account of the battle, and their version of the cause of the Scottish defeat is not the ordinary one. "The Scots threatened to destroy all the English or force them into the sea. Down the side of the hill runs a brook, which had worn a hollow down the hill side; up this hollow the English passed, and surprised the Scots, and defeated them." Here again, the question of liquor occupies them with serious thoughts. "The ale in this country is made of bigg-malt (winter barley), and was not at all gustful to our palates, nor was the ordering of their meat agreeable to us." The house accommodation seems to have been of the roughest. The windows unglazed, and supplied with wooden shutters, a round hole being cut in them for the head, reminding the travellers of the pillories in their own country, which they note are not in use in Scotland. They visit the "Basse Rock," at that time a State prison, and they were not allowed to land until they give assurance that they do not wish to see the prisoners, who are "not permitted to receive visitants." Here were five or six prisoners, "Presbyterians, parsons, and others, for stirring up the people to rebellion in their conventicles." The well-known Alexander Peden must have been a prisoner there at this date. But here, again, the birds occupied their attention, and the Governor had them escorted over the island.

Edinburgh appears to have been in a state of armed rejoicing, but the wine which the Yorkshireman says he "washed himself in" renders his account of the whole proceeding somewhat vague. It is to be hoped the bed he slept upon had a sobering effect, but he says, in describing its discomfort, "I ken I got but little sleep that night."

By various painful stages they reach Inverness, which they find exceedingly hot, though the hills are covered with snow. They go to church, noting that the Highlanders speak a kind of "wild Irish," but a few better sort in the town Scottish; two men seated on the stool of Repentance attracted their attention. "Here we may note the habits of the Highlander; their doublets are slashed in the sleeves, and open on the back; their breeches and stockings are either all on a piece, and straight to them, plaid colour; or otherwise a sort of breeches, not unlike a petticoat, that reaches not so low, by far as their knees, and their stockings are rolled up above the calves of their legs, and tied with a garter, their knee and thigh being naked." "Thus accoutred," says this somewhat contemptuous critic, after describing "his" weapons, "he struts like a peacock, and rather prides in than disdains his speckled feet."

The travellers get as far as Kirkwall in the Orkney Isles; they were all "sufficiently seasick," but, as usual, drank copiously with the inhabitants. They return by Stirling, but seem to have no desire for further exploration of the Highlands—"a barbarous people; none dare pass the Highlands without a guard of ten or twelve at the least." And Mr. Thoresby, in his contribution to the diary, merely notes "that the Highlands are a formidable country, full of mountainous crags and terrible high hills." At Stirling they have the opportunity of seeing how the lieges of James I. thought to entertain him:—"Here is the hull of the ship that King James was treated, thus: his table being placed

* *Tours in Scotland, 1677 and 1681.* By Thomas Kirk and Ralph Thoresby. Edited by P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

at the upper end of the hall, this ship was so contrived that the men within her could put her in motion upon four wheels ; she was furnished with a double row of guns. Each service was brought up to the table in this ship ; and, when she was unloaded, she discharged her guns, and marched off. The first time she discharged the King cried out ‘Treason ! Treason !’ not being acquainted with the design ; but he was soon appeased.” A more tactful amusement might have been invented, considering the nerves of their sovereign.

This volume is full of interesting comments on the condition of the Scottish people, and it is rendered not the less entertaining by the attitude of the two English travellers and commentators.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.*

TO follow Mr. Mallock into all the questions raised in his latest novel, *A Human Document*, would involve a disquisition upon the very foundations of social morality, which would here be out of place. We cannot attempt to review this work adequately from every side, and must confine our remarks to a general survey of its literary and artistic qualities. It is as clever as anything Mr. Mallock has written ; many of the incidents are conceived and described with great skill ; it teems with reflections as true as they are well expressed ; it shows keen and subtle observation of character ; and, in parts, reads as much like a genuine human document as he would have us believe it to be. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that after the first half of the book it degenerates into a disappointing failure. As regards its main conception it is unsatisfactory artistically, for it shirks the problem which it professes to solve. The development of the situation is inconsistent with the characters as they are drawn, and the very truth of individual passages is falsified by the theory which they are supposed to illustrate, but to which they are in direct contradiction.

The introduction opens with a conversation in a foreign country house between the author himself and a lady who is a fellow-guest. The subject of their discussion is the Journal of Marie Bashkirtcheff. Mr. Mallock expresses a regret that a woman of such absolute frankness had so little to tell.

‘I wish [he continues] that this woman, with all her moral daintiness, had been swept off her feet by some real and serious passion. I wish that with soul and body she had gone through storm and fire ; that what she had once despised and dreaded had become the desire of her heart ; and that she had found herself rejecting, like pieces of idle pedantry, the principles on which once she prided herself as part of her nature. What an astonishment and what an instruction she would have been to herself during the process ! Think how she would have felt each part of it—the degradation, the exaltation, the new weakness, the new strength, the bewilderment, the transfiguration ! Could she only have known all this, and have written it down honestly, she then would have given us a human document indeed.’

We are then led to expect that this human document which Marie Bashkirtcheff did not live to write is to be found in the three volumes of Mr. Mallock’s novel—that from a manuscript of letters, journals, and poems confided to his care as a result of this conversation he has pieced together into the form of a consecutive narrative the true story of a woman who has gone through the fire of a great passion, such as he desired for the unfortunate Marie, and who nevertheless emerges from it undefiled, her nature deepened but not debased. Of the morality or immorality of such a situation it would not here be necessary to say one word if Mr. Mallock had not challenged criticism of his book on that score. As it is, one observation will suffice in reply to his assertion that, if immoral, this situation is neither more nor less immoral than life itself. In life itself the exceptional case has little or no effect, for it is counteracted by the innumerable cases which follow the common rule. But in a novel it is almost impossible to concentrate attention upon an exception without in some degree falsifying the truth of life in a way that Mr. Mallock himself condemns in the writings of M. Zola. It may, therefore, be doubted whether rare exceptions afford proper material for artistic treatment. The highest art is almost always based, no matter in what department, upon some broad and far-reaching truth. Theoretically, however, we are willing to grant that every rule may have exceptions, and that it is conceivable that under certain circumstances any given moral law may be broken justifiably. A love may be so transcendent that it becomes a law unto itself above all other laws. A woman with such a love might break through her old creed of right and

wrong, commit what she once would have considered a sin, and yet in her own eyes be justified. But in this case she would have the courage as well as the intensity of passion, she would brave all things be true to the love she professed, and she would not out of shamelessness, but out of selflessness. Such a case might be condemned, but it could scarcely fail to excite the sympathy which is felt for all self-sacrificing enthusiasm. The dedication to the Journal from which Mr. Mallock professes to have compiled his narrative is consistent with the character of such a woman. “Were my power as a writer equal to my love as a woman, that life should live in these pages as it lived and breathed once in our now lonely bodies. I would make it live—all of it ; I would keep back nothing ; for perfect love casts out shame. But if any one should think that I ought to blush for what I have written, I should be proud if, in witness of my love for you, every page of it were as crimson as a rose.” The actual heroine of the novel could no more have written these words than she could have cut off her right hand. We find, after all, that she is no exceptional type, but the most ordinary woman, who acts in the most ordinary way in a situation which is common enough, but which has in it nothing that is either noble or exceptional. The story of Mr. Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi teaches a moral which is as correct and conventional as any copy-book platitude—namely, that when a man gives up name, fame, and all worthy objects of ambition for infatuated passion for one woman, his character will become demoralized, and his life will be a wretched one, and that when a woman exacts such a sacrifice and accepts it, she will rarely give anything in return. Her reputation in the eye of the world, and her dread of a scandal, will come first, her love for herself will come second, and her love for the man last.

This is the old story ever being re-enacted ; to the spectator a sorry farce and matter for laughing scorn ; to the actor a tragedy leaving something dead in his heart that can never live again. Mr. Mallock works up the situation to a point of extreme wretchedness and degradation, and then cuts the knot by killing the heroine’s husband. Nor is this all ; he introduces into the incident of his death a piece of sham heroism and false sentiment which is the greatest blot on the book. Mr. Schilizzi has been represented as a man without one redeeming quality—a coarse, faithless, and even brutal husband. His life is a source only of pain to his wife, and her presence is nothing but an irritation to him. He falls ill with diphtheria, accompanied by hideous complications. His wife nurses him till the doctors represent to her that she adds so greatly to his discomfort that, for his sake as well as her children’s, her duty is to keep away. He is in the hands of an admirable doctor, and, so far as we can judge, might also have been attended by an equally admirable nurse ; but at this point Mr. Grenville considers that a sacrifice of himself is required, and he deserts the woman who is all the world to him, in order to take the nurse’s place himself in the sick-room of the dying man. He further insists upon taking part in an operation which the doctor assures him has but the very faintest chance of saving the man’s life, and at the imminent risk of catching the disease himself. He does catch the disease, and thus, to save the man who is a living torment to the woman he adores, he sacrifices his own life, knowing that in him she finds her only happiness. Surely such conduct could only be consistent with sanity, to say naught of real heroism, if it was done as an act of atonement for an injury inflicted or a sin committed. But the whole book is written on the assumption that the husband had no claim to his wife’s affection, gratitude, or fidelity, and that in their own eyes the lovers were justified. It is astonishing that the incongruity and falseness of such a situation should have escaped Mr. Mallock. Much of the workmanship of the book, its graphic descriptions, and its analysis of sentiment, are praiseworthy ; but the want of harmony between the conception and execution, and the wholly bad work of the last part, are faults in the book which no honest critic could pass by.

JANE AUSTEN’S NOVELS.*

THE new edition of Miss Austen’s works, edited by Mr. R. Brinsley Johnson and issued by Messrs. Dent & Co., will do more than propitiate the fastidious book-lover who knows how to value an apt concinnity of style and form, such as charms the eye by a true conformity of the external to the inward and spiritual. This canon of taste is so commonly violated, that its observance in the present instance is especially pleasing.

* *A Human Document.* By W. H. Mallock. 3 vols. London : Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1892.

* *The Novels of Jane Austen.* Edited by R. Brinsley Johnson. 10 vols. Vols. I. and II. *Sense and Sensibility.* London : Dent & Co. 1892.

A book, like a person, may be well attired, and yet not becomingly. It may be, like the individual, grotesquely misleading or inharmonious outwardly, and present an aspect that is no index to its character. Very different is the impression produced by the pretty volumes before us. In the elegance and refinement that distinguish them, admirers of Jane Austen's exquisite art will acknowledge a peculiar, we may say a happy, propriety. The type, paper, and binding make an admirable accord, and in Mr. W. C. Cooke we have an artist who promises to prove a notable accession to the present somewhat scanty array of English book-illustrators. His drawings for *Sense and Sensibility* certainly reveal a sympathetic study of the text, and are not wanting in grace or spirit. A very interesting frontispiece is provided in the portrait of the novelist, after a picture supposed to have been painted by Zoffany, while she was on a visit to Bath at the age of fifteen. It is a charming and most expressive piece of portraiture. Just as in the writings of Miss Austen, as Mr. Johnson remarks, we can study her nature most fitly, so with this portrait and Mr. Austen-Leigh's animated description of her we may obtain a fair idea of the personal appearance of "the vivacious brunette, with bright hazel eyes and the round cheeks which Sir Egerton Brydges called a little too full." Mr. Johnson's introductory notice of the novelist is in the main based upon Mr. Austen-Leigh's admirable memoir, and the correspondence edited by Lord Brabourne—the chief biographical material available—and is, on the whole, sound and well considered. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Johnson's view that the biographical value of Miss Austen's letters has been somewhat underrated. Naturally enough, his review of the characteristics of her art agrees in all its chief conclusions with the judgment of all competent authorities of her own times and recent. The position Jane Austen held as a writer of English fiction, according to the verdict of the greatest of her contemporaries, remains an unassailed position to this day. The commendation of her writings by Scott, Macaulay, and Whately has been substantially endorsed by later critics—Mr. Goldwin Smith among the number—and if there has been some diminution of fervour in these, there has been none in the force and unity of critical conviction. The praise of the elder critics was decidedly warm in tone. But that it was generous, as certain latter-day scribes assert—using the term in that invidious sense which implies extravagance—is a statement which is completely refuted by the novels themselves, which have stood the test of time and the caprices of fashion. Let the reader renew his application to the novelist in the beautiful edition here at hand. But, apart from this practical test, another measure of Macaulay's "generosity" is suggested by the thought of Burke sitting up all night to read *Evelina*, of Johnson's declared preference of Fanny Burney to Fielding, of the neglected works of Mrs. Opie affecting Scott to tears. These tributes, critical and emotional, may well move the sad and seasoned novel-reader of to-day to profitable speculations. In conclusion, we must note that the present edition, to be completed in ten volumes, follows the texts as revised by Miss Austen, and observes the sequence of the novels.

RULERS OF INDIA—MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.*

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER, who is understood to select all the different contributors to the series of the *Rulers of India*, is justified by the result in his selection of Mr. Cotton for Elphinstone's Life. We think that for such a series, as a rule, it would be well to secure the services of writers who have some practical knowledge of India and of its administration in some department. But we are bound to say that the author has picked his way safely through the jungle of Oriental and local terms without right-handed defections or left-handed fallings off. And he has no doubt been aided in his work by his own publication on the Moral and Material Progress of India. Mr. Cotton within the narrow limits assigned to him has given a succinct and clear account of the Settlement of the Deccan, and with the exception that he gives rather too much prominence to some of Elphinstone's slightly academic ideas about giving up India when we have taught the natives to do without us, he has produced a neat biography of the statesman who had the first chance of applying on a large scale in Western India principles of administration which, more than twenty years previously, had been well tested in Bengal and Madras.

Elphinstone, like many others who have helped to create a "British India," was a Scotchman. An idea has gained ground lately that India can only be properly administered by men who

go out at the advanced age of twenty-four, who have taken good degrees at the University, and who have devoted their time to the study of more subjects than were enumerated by Dr. Pangloss to Lady Duberley in the *Heir-at-Law*. It is perfectly certain that India, in the last century and in the first half of the present century, was the appanage of very young men. Elphinstone went out at sixteen. Mr. Cotton, by the way, does not seem to know what became of an elder brother, James Elphinstone, who had entered the service two years previously but of whom we hear little more. This same elder brother obtained his appointment in the Bengal Civil Service in 1790, held various high judicial appointments, and finally became member of the Board of Revenue of the Central Provinces, dying at the Island of St. Helena in 1828; presumably on his way home to England. Mountstuart Elphinstone landed in India ten years after Warren Hastings had left it. After being posted to Benares, where he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of Vizir Ali when his adherents murdered Mr. Cherry and were beaten off by Mr. Davis and his historical Hog-spear, Elphinstone had the good fortune to attract the notice of Lord Wellesley. Appointed assistant to the Resident at Poona, he rode by the side of Arthur Wellesley at Assaye and Argaum, was present at the capitulation of Ahmednagar and, like Metcalfe at Deeg, actually mounted the breach under a hot fire at Gawilghur. It was said of the late Lord Lawrence that he had many of the qualities of a great captain. We have the Duke's authority for believing that Elphinstone had mistaken his profession and that he ought to have been a soldier. Valuable aid afforded to a Wellesley in the field, where Elphinstone acted as interpreter in the Urdu and Mahratta languages and translated treaties into polished Persian, was a certain recommendation to another Wellesley in council. At the age of twenty-four Elphinstone found himself appointed Resident at Nagpore, the capital of Berar. Four years afterwards he was sent by Lord Minto on the famous embassy to Kabul. As is well known, the embassy never even got through the Khaiber Pass, but was received by Shah Shujah at Peshawar. Lord Minto, like some other statesmen, had cherished the idea of setting up Afghanistan as a bulwark against foreign invasion. Shah Shujah, too, like some of his successors, wished to obtain a good round sum from the British Government, as well as military assistance to put down rebellious subjects. Practically the political results of the mission were small. The Afghan policy could afford to wait. With what fatal effect thirty years afterwards the question was revived by Lord Auckland is too well known. The solid legacy of the embassy was the work on Kabul, for which ample materials had been collected during the stay at Peshawar. Mr. Cotton is warranted in the remark that it is still the standard authority on Kabul and its dependencies. The turn of Indian politics at Poona furnishes an additional proof that Elphinstone only wanted opportunity to have become a successful general. The Peshwa, with the usual duplicity of Mahratta princes that deceived one so conversant with native characteristics as Sir John Malcolm, had been spreading false reports about our disasters, intriguing with our Sepoys, calling up huge levies of his own feudatories, and preparing for a surprise. Elphinstone wisely abandoned his position in the city, posted himself and his troops at Kirki, five miles off, on the other side of a river, and with a weak force of 3,000 men kept at bay an army of the Peshwa, estimated at 18,000 horse and 8,000 foot. The Residency was, of course, burnt, with all its records; and what was more valuable, with all Elphinstone's diaries, journals, and books. The battle of Kirki, judged by the number of killed and wounded, may not occupy a "conspicuous place" in the decisive battles of India. But it is conclusive as showing that the black-coated civilian was as fine a soldier as any red-coat in the British camp. The campaign ended in the dethronement of the head of the Mahrattas, the capture of divers hill forts, and the annexation of the country. And Elphinstone was very naturally selected to be the Commissioner for the Settlement of the annexed districts. His undoubted success in this one department for which he had no special preparation secured for him the government of Bombay in 1819, in preference to Malcolm who was some ten years his senior. Here his administration lasted just eight years; and thirty years of subsequent retirement in England, from 1829 to 1859, complete the record of a laborious and distinguished career. It was always well known that Elphinstone was twice offered, and twice refused, the highest post in the Indian Empire, and that he might have been sent to Canada on a special mission, which it fell to Metcalfe to carry out. It has also been remarked that had either Elphinstone or Metcalfe filled the post of Governor-General instead of Lord Auckland, there would have been no occupation of Kabul and no shameful disaster and retreat.

* *Rulers of India—Mountstuart Elphinstone.* By J. S. Cotton, M.A. London : Clarendon Press.

The career just sketched may be read with advantage in Mr.

Cotton's Memoir, by those who have no leisure for the two volumes by the late Sir Edward Colebrooke, reviewed in these columns in 1884. It is the peculiarity of civilians and soldiers who, from the *kacheri* and the mess-room, have risen to some of the highest posts in India, that their early adventures and gradual rise excite a livelier interest than their ultimate administration in the post of Governor or Viceroy. Munro in camp for months in Southern India, settling Revenue on a new basis; Malcolm in conference with Persian Ministers and with Rajput and Mahratta chiefs; Outram conciliating the wild Bhees; Lawrence putting down robbers and cattle-raiders in Paniput or Goorgaon, and bringing a Nawab to condign punishment; Elphinstone under a hot fire on three or four historic occasions; all charm us by a strong and vigorous personality. Every subaltern or assistant magistrate likes to read of young men thrown on their own responsibility who, with slender resources, act on the offensive, like Edwards at Multan or Grant at Manipur. Not that we would undervalue the successful statesmanship of Elphinstone in the Government of Bombay. Though he could not pretend to the minute acquaintance with land-tenures, village life, and agricultural customs shown by Civilians in the North-West Provinces forty or fifty years ago, and by the late Sir George Campbell in our own time in three distinct provinces, he was, in many respects, a model administrator. He knew when to depend on colleagues and subordinates for the solution of local and departmental puzzles, and when to have a distinct and generous policy of his own. In an epoch when locomotion was difficult and tedious, he contrived to visit every part of his presidency more than once. His handwriting, we regret to say, was detestable; but his minutes were always worth perusal. He was invariably considerate to proud and sensitive chiefs, without ever losing sight of the claims and interests of the masses. To the last he was an active sportsman, and when a native *Shikari*, retained in camp for this very purpose, brought intelligence of antelope or hog, he would throw aside his papers, don his hunting gear, and proclaim a general holiday. Mr. Cotton points out that his eight years' tenure of office was marked by the settlement of some political disputes in Guzerat, by the adjustment of a long-standing feud between the Rao of Kutch and the Jareja Rajputs, by the substitution of the Guzerati vernacular for the exotic Persian language in the northern districts of the presidency, and by the reduction of a mass of confused and ill-worded regulations into something of a systematic code. In some lively but not very edifying disputes with the Judges of the Supreme Court at Bombay, regarding the censorship of the press, and a monstrous claim of the lawyers to inspect and criticize all secret political records, Elphinstone was entirely in the right. He was not prepared to submit confidential State papers to the dissection of fluent barristers. He was ready to face the contingency of a Chief Secretary committed for contempt of court, and he bore with perfect equanimity a verdict against him for nearly two hundred thousand pounds. We need only add that this preposterous judgment was duly upset by the Privy Council. It is not the only time when the Law and the Executive have collided in India, and when the latter has triumphed. We think we detect in Mr. Cotton a small note of triumph on discovering in Elphinstone's Minutes an agreement with the views of modern and advanced reformers. All eminent officials in India are quite justified in looking ahead, and in considering how native advancement to certain offices can be reconciled with English supremacy. But it is always risky to quote portions of minutes, and you cannot be sure that what was sketched and outlined in 1824 would be filled up and carried out in 1890 by the same administrator, without the smallest reference to new dangers and difficult problems that had arisen in the interval. It is quite clear that Elphinstone would have maintained a moderate supervision over the native press; that in the employment of natives he was rather for confining them to judicial functions; and that he was quite willing to recognize privileges and special exemptions from legal processes in favour of the greater Jagirdars of the Deccan. Elphinstone's keen enjoyment of literature is a characteristic shared by him with other statesmen and administrators in India and elsewhere. Classics, history, poetry, and biography filled up any time which he could spare from hard official work. When fully occupied at Poona he managed to allot four hours a day to the composition of his two volumes on Kabul. His history of the Hindu and Muhammadan period of India written during his retirement in England still "holds the field," as Dante and Mr. Gladstone would say, against all comers. Owing to failing health or distrust of his own powers, he may be said to have just missed inclusion in the very first rank of Indian statesmen. But to the highest place in the second division his claim cannot be questioned. We are convinced that, while recognizing the changes in Indian administration rendered politic and neces-

sary by the Mutiny, by the assumption of power in the Queen's name, and by a certain moral progress not quite commensurate with many material improvements, he would still have insisted in keeping touch with a vast agricultural community through English agency alone. It would be a wild and a dangerous experiment that of handing over the solid work of Elphinstone and Munro, of Thomason and Frere, to be veneered or spoiled by the motley assemblage of clerks, native lawyers, and Baboos who clamour for representation and impudently pretend to speak on behalf of "the voiceless millions."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE never heard, we deeply blush to say, of Mr. John Henry Mackay. Charles we knew, and Eric we know; but who is this John Henry? John Henry, we are informed by those concerned with the translation of his *Anarchistes* (1), is a distinguished English poet. John Henry himself, in his preface, tells us that he "hopes he has not broken his last lance for liberty" in this book. "Broken" is good; for, regarding ourselves in the light of felon knights, Breuses Sans Pitié of tyranny, capital, and what not, we can certainly say that John Henry's lance hath all to flinders flown on our burly persons. We suppose it is intended for a kind of novel. It recounts the adventures of one Carrard Auban, a French shopman or clerk, and one Otto Trupp, a German workman, in London, during the Jubilee year, and later, with a full, true, and particular account of the extermination and massacre of the people in Trafalgar Square. M. de Hessem has done his translation well, and, in so far as it enables us to judge, the original must be fairly well written. But the contents are mere rubbish, and would be mere rubbish if the Revolution Mr. Mackay predicts and sighs for broke out to-morrow.

M. Olivier du Chastel's (2) book has the merit, which we are always glad to see and acknowledge, of being extremely unlike other books. The adventures of René de Griseldis, from the day when he was jilted by his beloved and comforted by a child called "Petite Horreur," to that when he nearly succumbed to the temptation of the old love, and was once more rescued and comforted, nay, married, by the same "Petite Horreur," become a beautiful young lady of large fortune, are odd, but not at all uninteresting. M. du Chastel is evidently a reader and admirer of Sterne, and perhaps the great humourist of sentimentality has tempted him to be too odd here and there. But the effect, especially in French, is too quaint not to be amusing. There are also many charming river pictures of the Seine, the nymph of which M. du Chastel will have to be named "Sienna." But what is to become of the poor Sequana?

M. Léon Tinseau's *Mon oncle Alcide* (3) has been chosen to be the first example of a "new departure" in novel-manufacturing—the issuing, that is to say, of the "three-fifty" broché volume in a cover of plain crimson leather or leatherette, with title, &c., in gold lettering on back and side, at the altogether ridiculous extra figure of one franc. The new covering is undeniably handsome, and if it wears only tolerably well will be a real blessing. For who knows not the detestable appearance of a shelf, or case, full of *trois-cinquante* in their native rags? And what English book-binder will put them, even in batches, into common and not very well-lettered cloth at less than a shilling apiece? In this case, we need hardly say, the jewel (this is, we believe, the proper phrase) is not unworthy the casket. M. de Tinseau never fails to be readable, and is generally a good deal more than that, while he is never better than in his short stories. Here shall men read of the danger of engaging a good cook to please a rich and greedy bachelor friend; of the singular adventures which may happen in Paris to a gentleman whose children choose to entertain strange dogs; of the convenience of possessing a parrot when the party walls of your house are thin, and of many other pleasing things—the most pleasing of all, perhaps, being a story entitled "Contremine," which is quite in the good old style of Charles de Bernard.

Some other novels before us must be dispatched with shorter notice. M. Delard's *Les Dupourquet* (4) is one of the rather numerous studies of provincial life (in this instance the scene is laid in Quercy) which have for years past supplied perhaps a majority of the better class of French novel. After the wont of its class and country (a wont which we notice that M. Brunetière

(1) *Anarchistes*. Par John Henry Mackay. Traduction de M. Louis de Hessem. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(2) *Requin d'amour*. Par Olivier du Chastel. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Mon oncle Alcide*. Par Léon de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Les Dupourquet*. Par Eugène Delard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

himself seems to have recognized), it is better at types than at individuals. But the whole of the Dupourquet family, from the semi-savage grandfather "Le Terrible" to his convent-educated granddaughter, are good types, and the poacher "La Mort" is almost a creation. In *Moumoute* (5) M. J. Ricard remains, as he has always remained, below his *coup d'essai* in *Pitchoun*, but is decidedly above the average of his competitors. He draws here in part on two other favourite sources of novel subjects—Parisian office life and Parisian artistry—and not without success in either case. Nor have we found M. Hugues le Roux quite so readable in his *Tout pour l'honneur* (6) as in previous works of his of a different kind, but it is possible that others may be more successful. M. Edouard Cadol, always trying different kinds, and always achieving a certain success of craftsmanship, has somewhat exaggerated the *style saccadé* in *Mademoiselle Raymonde* (7). But he always knows how to arrange an effective curtain, and generally how to lead up to it by effective scenes. We have had greater difficulties with the two novels on our list. The Bohemianly diplomatic or diplomatically Bohemian "Comte Prozor," whose title is terribly suggestive to English readers, dedicates his book to M. Edouard Rod, and though there is not much likeness in it to the work of the author of *Le sens de la vie* (8), such resemblances as there are do not bring before us what we like best in M. Rod himself. Besides, *La Bohème diplomatique* (9) gives truly or falsely an idea of the *roman à clef*, a thing which we always avoid like the gates of hell. If it has not that attraction for those to whom it is an attraction, we do not quite perceive what its attraction is. *L'Antipape* professes to tell the story of a sort of minor prophet, who founded a sect among the weavers of Lyons, and merely got into troubles of various kinds. Here, again, the fault may be ours, but we have found it one of the books which insist that they shall not be read.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THOMAS and PAUL SANDBY, by William Sandby (Seeley & Co.), is an interesting volume devoted to the careers of two distinguished artists, both of whom were "foundation" members of the Royal Academy, and occupied positions of importance and influence in the artistic world of the last century. Thomas Sandby, the elder of the two brothers, was the first Professor of Architecture in the Academy, and held the post of Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Park, where he carried out great enterprises in planting and embellishing the natural beauty of that wilderness, as if to show those landscape-gardeners of the period who were fond of playing the architect what an architect could accomplish in their own proper line. As to Paul Sandby, whose works are better known and more widely distributed in public galleries and museums, he has not inaptly been termed the father of English water-colour art. Mr. Sandby disclaims the title of "biography" for these memoirs of his ancestors, diffidently observing of the information which he has collected that it is but fragmentary and incomplete. His book, nevertheless, will be read with interest and pleasure by all who are attracted to the history of art in England. From contemporary literature and other sources, Mr. Sandby has gathered sufficient material to serve as the basis of an excellent sketch of the lives of the Sandbys, and his work enjoys the advantage of being admirably illustrated by phototype portraits and designs after both artists. Thomas Sandby is represented by one of a set of imposing designs for "a bridge of magnificence," and a beautiful little drawing of Covent Garden taken from under the Piazza, looking westward, with St. Paul's Church in view. The old Freemasons' Hall, partially destroyed by fire in 1883, and now wholly restored, appears to be the only London building designed by Thomas Sandby; but many of his drawings are fortunately preserved in the British Museum, the Library of Windsor Castle, the Soane Museum, and other places specified in Mr. Sandby's catalogue appended to the present volume. The illustrations also comprise reproductions of Paul Sandby's landscape work, and an example of his skill in caricature—the very clever drawing of "Vestris and the Goose."

Mr. William H. Whitmore has satisfactorily demolished a "Boston myth," and provided, we hope, Mr. Andrew Lang with some entertainment, in the course of his critical annotation on

The Original Mother Goose's Melody (Boston: Damrell & Upham; London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.), "reproduced in facsimile from the first Worcester edition," to which is added *The Fairy Tales of Mother Goose*, reprinted from the original English translation by R. Samber in 1729. An absurd legend, it seems, was current in Boston some thirty years since, and received of the patriotic, to the effect that the term "Mother Goose" was derived from a Boston woman, a certain Mrs. Goose, or Vergoose. So readily did the New England mind absorb this pleasing fiction, and so sturdily was it upheld by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, who classed the mythical Elizabeth Vergoose with *Aesop* and other "dear old story-tellers" of effete Europe, that Mr. Whitmore was compelled to enlighten his countrymen in the columns of the *Boston Commonwealth*. It was, like the rest of Mr. Whitmore's critical work in this interesting volume, thorough and conscientious, as a demonstration of error. The well-known American *Mother Goose's Melodies* of 1833 was simply an enlargement of the Worcester (Mass.) book of 1785, here reproduced in facsimile, which was a piratical and almost faithful reprint of John Newbery's original volume. Thus, it can no longer be said that unavenged walks Perrault's ghost in Boston.

The Campaign Guide, an Election Handbook (Edinburgh: Douglas), prepared for Unionist speakers by the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations for Scotland, is deserving of the study of all Unionist campaigners, notwithstanding that the compilation is somewhat too bulky, and in its second portion—"Election Problems"—a trifle diffuse for a handbook. Part I., however, dealing with "Conservative and Unionist Work," is so admirably handled, both as to matter and treatment, that it must be found serviceable on all platforms, Scottish and other, by Unionist speakers. Facts and figures are all explicitly verified and tellingly presented. A better book to the hand—which is what a handbook of the kind should be—of the practised speaker for the Union there could not be than the first part of *The Campaign Guide*.

My Stewardship, by E. McQueen Gray (Methuen & Co.), is a powerful little story, planned on very simple lines, so simple, indeed, that it were a wrong to the skill shown by the author in developing her narrative to divulge the action. Told by an old maid—a type of spinsterhood that is, we trust, not common—the story opens in a bright and interesting fashion and ends in a desolating tragedy. The kinship of humour and pathos is well illustrated in this clever and, to susceptible souls, very painful story.

"A Romance of Modern Science" is what Messrs. Arthur Morgan and Charles R. Brown profess to present in *The Disintegrator* (Digby, Long, & Co.), a story that is likely to prove equally depressing to the romancist and the scientist.

Of those who go down to the Channel Islands in steamers from Weymouth or Southampton, how many know of the island that is the scene of the thrilling adventures described in *Jethou; or, Crusoe Life in the Channel Isles*, by E. R. Suffling (Jarrold & Sons)? Yet here, close to home, a Norfolk boy was a voluntary Crusoe for a year or so, and was visited by a "Friday," whom he wittily calls "Monday," and found a buried treasure, a skeleton, and other fearful joys, such as are common to adventurous youth and desert islands.

The *General Index* to the Seventh Series of *Notes and Queries* deals with the twelve volumes of that amusing and very useful journal which were issued between 1886 and 1891, and is prefaced by a brief and appropriate Introduction by Mr. Joseph Knight.

Some handy little volumes devoted to domestic economy are before us. *Plain Directions on Cookery*, Parts I. and II. (Wells Gardner & Co.), by Alice Massingberd, treat of elementary matters with clearness and discretion. *Healthy Households*, by Guy Cadogan Rothery (Virtue & Co.), is a plain guide to sanitation in the house, in part reprinted from the *Queen* and other papers, and is sound and practical in teaching. *Dressmaking*, by Mrs. Henry Grenfell (Macmillan & Co.), is a technical manual by a member of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, with the object of supplying simple elementary guidance to teachers, and educational training to pupils, in school classes. That the art and mystery of dressmaking can be taught in schools with admirable results is as clearly established as the fact that it ought to be taught. Mrs. Grenfell's little book is warmly commended, in a preface, by Miss Fanny Calder, whose authority on the subject is unquestioned.

Among recent issues from the Pitt Press we note the Third Book of Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War* (Cambridge: at the University Press), edited by Dr. Karl Breul, from the latest Cotta editions, with introduction, notes, and bibliography;

(5) *Moumoute*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Tout pour l'honneur*. Par Hugues le Roux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Mademoiselle Raymonde*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *La Bohème diplomatique*. Par le Comte Prozor. Paris: Perrin.

(9) *L'Antipape*. Par Guy Valvor. Paris: Savine.

[July 16, 1892.]

Book VI. of the *Iliad*, edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A., with notes and introduction; and the First Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, edited, with notes, by the Rev. Lancelot D. Dowdall, LL.B.

From Messrs. Percival & Co. we have an excellent "Senior Course" of *French and English Passages*, in prose and verse, edited by Eugène Pellissier, M.A., for "unseen" translation; *Easy Readings in German*, by A. R. Lechner, with parallel exercises for retranslation; *Die Lehrjahre eines Humanisten*, from W. H. Riehl's *Novellen*, edited by R. J. Morich, with notes and vocabulary; and *Cook's Voyages*, edited by M. B. Synge, Grade II. of the series of "English Classics for Schools."

We have received the first volume of the illustrated edition of *A Short History of the English People*, by the late John Richard Green (Macmillan & Co.). It is edited by Miss Kate Norgate, herself distinguished as a historian, and Mrs. Green further contributes a kind of prefatory notice, in which we have some anecdotes of Green's early life. The publication of this volume has led to the absurd repetition of an exploded story that he was the prototype of Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. The story, which is as unsubstantial as the promises of the Gladstonians, crops up, like them, at brief intervals. There were once upon a time two great Greens at Oxford. Mrs. Ward may have chosen one of them, but not this one, for *Robert Elsmere*. Two men more unlike it is difficult to conceive. The illustrations of this handsome volume are derived from the best sources. The picture, in colour, of Matthew Paris kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and Child, from his own drawing (in Royal MSS., 14 C. vii.), is worth the whole price of the book. As there are cuts on nearly every page, and frequent full-page coloured facsimiles from manuscripts, it is obviously impossible to notice more than a selection; but the page representing "the Fauna of Ireland," from which, apparently, St. Patrick had not yet banished the snakes, according to Giraldus, and the "Coronation of a King," opposite p. 414, in gold and colours, can hardly be surpassed for combined interest and value to the student.

In the "School Series" published by Mr. Edward Arnold we have a *Standard Course of Elementary Chemistry*, by Mr. E. J. Cox, in five parts, which comprises a scheme of instruction that is effective and thoroughly illustrative.

We have also received Part II. of the Supplement to the new edition of *English Botany*, compiled and illustrated by N. E. Brown (Bell & Sons); *Slavery in the District of Colombia*, by Mary Tremaine (Putnam's Sons), being No. 2 of the "Seminary Papers" of the Nebraska University; *On the Perception of Small Differences*, by Messrs. G. S. Fullerton and J. McKeen Cattell (Philadelphia: University Press); *Progressive Mathematical Exercises*, by A. T. Richardson, second series (Macmillan & Co.); *Short Notes on St. Paul's Epistles*, by T. K. Abbott (Dublin: Hodges & Co.); *Livry*, Books I. and II., edited by J. Prendeville and J. H. Freese (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *A Second French Reader and Writer*, by F. E. E. Barbier, "Parallel Grammar Series" (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Notes on the History of the Early Church*, by John Bryce, M.A. (S.P.C.K.); *The Theory of Dynamic Economics*, by Professor S. N. Patten, of Philadelphia; *Lex Mundi*, by Alexander Vincent (Elliot Stock); *Browning's Criticism of Life*, by W. F. Revell (Sonnenschein & Co.); *An Introduction to General Logic*, by E. E. Constance Jones (Longmans & Co.); *The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages*, a "popular treatise on early archaeology," by John Hunter-Duvar (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Blasting*, a handbook for engineers and others, by Oscar Guttmann, illustrated (Griffin & Co.); *Insurance*, a manual of practical law, by Charles Francis Morrell (A. & C. Black); *An Essay on Analogy in Syntax*, by G. Middleton, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Waymarks*, by Henry C. Potter, D.D. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *A Guide to Electric Lighting*, by S. Bottone (Whittaker & Co.); *Wilful Peggy*, by Ruth E. Smythe (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Dunwell Parva*, by Reginald Lucas (Warne & Co.); *Poetical Wild Oats* (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *Two Country Stories*, by Georgina M. Squire (Digby, Long, & Co.).

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. inform us that the "Town Book of Belfast," reviewed in the last number of the *Saturday Review*, is not published for subscribers only, but may be obtained through any bookseller.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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